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THE SPHERE, MARCH 14, 1936
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Vol. CXLIV No. 1886 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 14 1936

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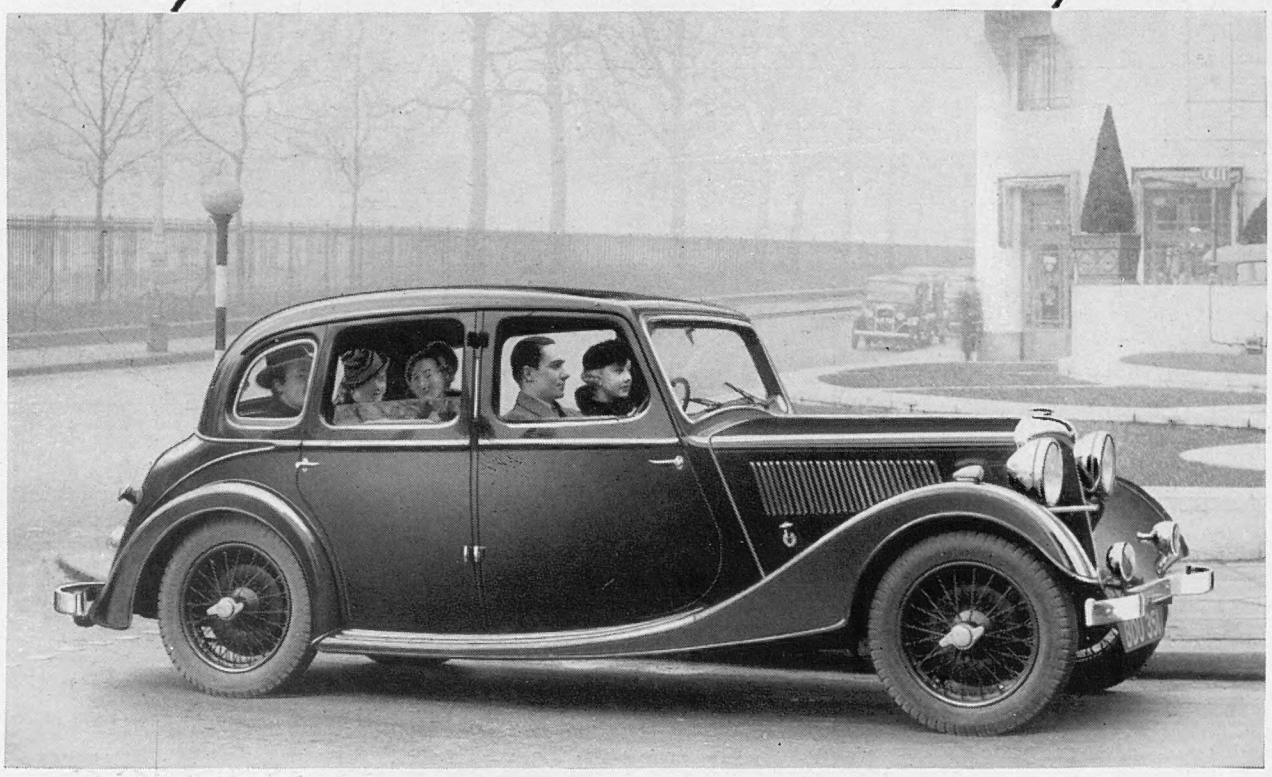

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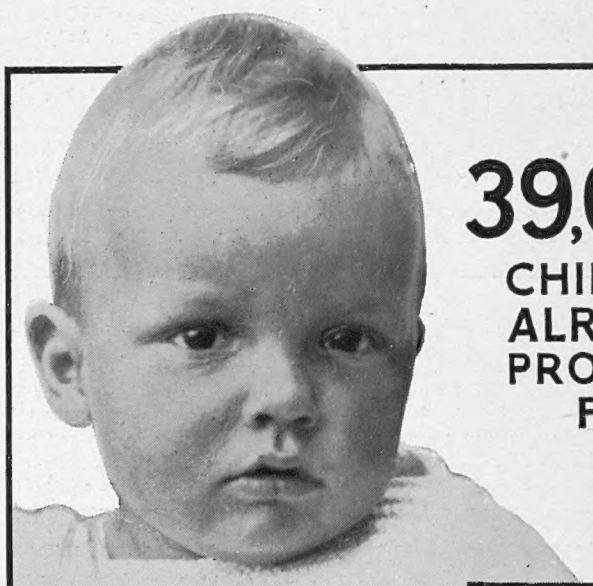

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 14, 1936

Hitler's Coup in the Rhineland

German Troops Marching Along the Banks of the Rhine at Düsseldorf in the Heart of the Demilitarised Zone

Last Saturday, with the dramatic suddenness that the world has come to associate with the actions of the Fuehrer, Chancellor Hitler announced to the hastily summoned members of the Reichstag that Germany no longer considered herself bound by the Treaty of Locarno which, he said, had "practically ceased to be by reason of the signature of the Franco-Soviet Pact," and as he spoke picked detachments of German troops, numbering all of 25,000, were marching no less dramatically into the demilitarised zone of the Rhineland, and peacefully taking up the quarters which had been prepared for them. Thus in one startling, audacious, but evidently long-planned coup did the Reich make her latest breach of the already much-violated military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles to the end that she might once again earn recognition as a first-class Power; and thus was France's age-old feeling of uneasiness rendered yet more acute, in spite of the fact that Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary, pledged our support to her in what he suggested as the unlikely event of Germany following up her occupation by hostilities. (The facts of this extremely delicate international situation are set forth in greater detail in an article on page 437 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

KING EDWARD'S DAY IN GLASGOW: His Majesty in the centre of an enthusiastic throng after he had completed his inspection of the Cunard White Star liner, *Queen Mary*, on Thursday of last week, walking a distance of approximately seven miles, and examining nearly every detail of the giant vessel from the bridge to the engine rooms. Later in the day he paid a surprise visit to slum tenements, and also went to Knightswood where, as shown in the picture on the right, he made a tour of some of the new houses built under a municipal scheme. After dining with Lord Weir, the King started the return journey to London the same evening, thus spending two successive nights in the train

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, March 11, 1936.

HITLER'S WAY.—Amid national acclamation at the week-end Hitler made a not unexpected "counter-move" to the Franco-Soviet Pact. He tore up a scrap of paper and, as a gesture, occupied the demilitarised Rhineland. In his view the terms of the Versailles and Locarno Treaties had by the action of France become dead letters, and Germany had a perfect right to do what she would with her own. No doubt expert publicists (still unconvinced of the utter frailty of human judgment in the present international puzzle) have told France and Europe what it all means and what steps should be taken. Some have said: the nation which has torn up so many "scraps of paper" now offers a guarantee of non-aggression for twenty-five years on another scrap of paper. But the majority opinion in this country clearly called for examination of the non-aggression pact, and for what it is worth the promise of non-aggression between Germany, France, and Belgium for a quarter century, with a prospect of localising the danger area of Europe. It implies the admission of the death of Versailles and Locarno. It implies abandoning the appeal to the League—but what can the poor League do?—and it implies condoning a flagrant breach of what is still called international honour. But is there the slightest belief that the League will take collective action to persuade or to drive by force the German troops out of Cologne and the other occupied towns? None. It is moreover at least worth asking what possible object Germany can have (or has had since the war) in attacking France. Every other Frenchman is obsessed with the idea, but Germany has nothing to gain and everything to risk by such a step. More and more the conviction forces itself upon me that Germany's overmastering aim all these years has indeed been that which Hitler has stated over and over again, namely, the desire once more to be accepted as a first-class Power, and, once so accepted, to take her place again in the deliberations of the big four of Western Europe. Europe has utterly refused to realise all along Germany's festering grievance that the revenge clauses of the Peace Treaty were imposed on a nation which had *no remaining relation* with the German nation which may (or may not) have brought about the great war. Most people nowadays would say that it was the Austrian junkers and not the German who precipitated the horror. In a word, Germany is the Eton boy who was unfairly kicked out of "Pop" for the alleged misbehaviour of another boy of the same name. Once back again (and she will employ any expedients to get back) she will become a good Etonian and be a credit to the old school. Well, let her implement her promise. What else remains? We have abandoned our sense of humour and some part of our sense of honour and blown hot and cold in the League's name. The alternative to condoning Germany's latest gesture is—world war and the end of the League and civilisation.

THE KING AT GLASGOW.—The King's second big function was as much to his taste as the first, and gave him a rare opportunity to reveal his peculiar and individual genius in kingcraft. I suppose no sovereign in any State at any time was more truly and naturally "democratic" in the best sense of that tortured word. The King is perfectly at ease and entirely natural (withal without the least loss of that matchless dignity which experience and heredity give to British royalties) with the working classes, and his intimate knowledge of conditions of work and of living came out at every halt he made. Whether he was in the millionaire's stateroom, in an airshaft, in a new tenement building, or a condemned hovel, he appeared to know as much about the achievements and difficulties of work and life as those most closely concerned. He was there to see for himself, and official programmes were not for him. No official programme would have laid down a seven-mile walk round the first objective; that was indeed the measure of the King's interest in the *Queen Mary* and her wonders. It was his second visit to the leviathan and he does not intend that it shall be his last. And many of the episodes in his subsequent visit to the homes, new and old, of Glasgow workers were unrehearsed, and only bereft of embarrassment owing to the King's genuine interest, entire naturalness, and a total lack of class consciousness. In most of the "groups" depicted it is noticeable that the King alone was bareheaded, the workers remained covered. It is apparent that in his public appearances the King has already cashed the happy promise of the new reign at a vital spot.

DEFENCE NOT DEFIANCE.—A certain expense is involved in defence. Not that the White Paper makes me feel poetic. For, although our blackest traducer would not dare to say that our programme is defiance and not defence, it is melancholy enough to assess the appalling cost of what the insanity of Europe involves for the British taxpayer. Small wonder if the White Paper was awaited with grave anxiety, and has been received with no unanimous approval. What a document of horror it must be to a life-long hater of war and armaments like Lord Ponsonby? What must Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's younger self think of it? How gloomily must Mr. Baldwin, propelled by public opinion from behind, view the creation of his expert advisers. Mr. Chamberlain, who must raise the wind, oddly enough reads the dreadful catalogue more calmly than most of his brethren. In last year's Budget he allotted £125,000,000 to the Services. This year he cannot allot less than £150,000,000, and that sum takes practically no note of White Paper demands for its immediate needs, which will be satisfied by supplementaries. It is not improbable that for years to come we shall be taxed to find £170,000,000 a year for defence.

What are the items of chief note?

Navy

Capital ships to be laid down in 1937 - - - - 2
Cruisers in 1937 - - - - 5
Air-craft carrier - - - - 1
Addition to naval personnel this year - - - - 6,000

Air Force

Extra Empire defence squadrons - 12
Extra home defence machines - 250

Army

New infantry battalions - - 4

Not to mention a tremendous effort to strengthen the Territorial force and to pile up modern arms and stores for a fighting force of considerable size.

GROWING FAT ON IT.—This programme reminds those of us who have long memories of a number of causes of bitterness associated with the process of concentrated armament production. We have for some months watched armament counters blazing; we have been cheered with reports of solid and normal and general improvement in trade and at once our revived optimism is tinged with suspicion that it is all artificial and based on preparation for a world-war, the possibility of which we refuse to credit. And we remember those hated profiteers who grew fat on the blood of our best and noblest sons. Are all these beastlinesses foreshadowed again? The Government has wisely endeavoured to allay our suspicions. It promises to deal with profiteering as best it may. It undertakes the difficult task of harnessing the needs of defence to the existing machinery of peaceful trading and it swears that the armament firms shall not have it all their own way nor reap abnormal profits. Thus it secures the reluctant co-operation of the Trade Unions who admit that armament racing helps employment. So bitterly do we remember the scandals of the last race in armaments that we lose sight at first of the bigger issues—the present pass in international politics, the accepted necessity for defence.

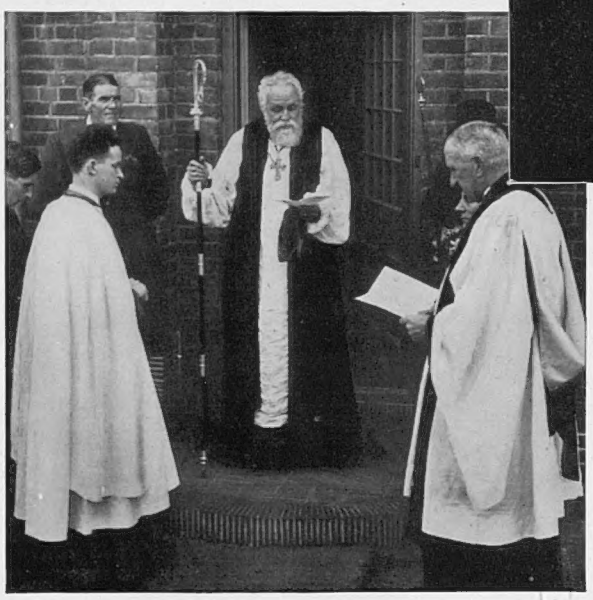
CANT AND FACT.—I could wish—many could wish—that the Government had not seen fit to face this tempest under the umbrella of the League. It is no time (among ourselves

WEDDING BELLS IN CHELSEA: Mr. William Devlin, son of the late Mr. W. J. Devlin, and Miss Mary Casson, daughter of Dame Sybil Thorndike, photographed after their marriage last week at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Oakley Street. Father Ronald Knox officiated and many notes members of the theatrical profession attended

at least) to employ the polite hypocrisy of diplomacy. What balderdash to tell John Citizen solemnly that "the present expenditure does not imply any reversal of the Government's policy of promoting collective security"; that we are arming to the teeth for the League's service. Mr. Baldwin is an honest man who sometimes likes to speak frankly. This surely was a time to speak frankly to the men whose purses must find the money. We are rushing to safety because the League is still futile to prevent war or to reduce armaments, because "collective security" is still as remote a possibility as it was in 1800 or 1900, and we are re-arming with panic speed because suddenly we are in deadly fear of the bare possibility of an armed attack by a foreign Power on Britain or parts of our Empire. To meet this possibility no Government dare longer defer taking measures. The grounds for belief in the reality of the danger have never been disclosed but must reluctantly be accepted as adequate. None supposes that the attack, if it came, would come otherwise than as an oblique flame shooting out of another conflagration. But the fact remains. We are arming quickly against the possibility — which is real to Mr. Baldwin's Government to-day—of an attack by a foreign Power on this Empire and because, if that attack comes, we cannot depend on "collective security." We do indeed work as hard as ever for collective security and for preserving the machinery of civilisation's last hope, the League, against the time when its wheels may go round effectively. But in our hearts we know we are working for posterity, working to make better conditions for our grandchildren. Let us at least clear our minds of cant before we bend our backs for the extra load.

LORD HARTINGTON.—It is like old times to have a Lord Hartington again in the Government. The present holder of that famous courtesy title deserves his promotion. His progress has been constant, and little advertised, and he is popular with all parties, being a good mixer and devoid of side. Steady, sound, full of commonsense, and little advertised are adjectives usually associated with Cavendishes in public life. As a fact Lord Hartington is more a Fitzmaurice than a Cavendish and has inherited some of the physical and mental qualities of the late (alas! that one must now say the 5th) Marquess of Lansdowne, who was his grandfather, and was sometimes described by political critics as "half a Frenchman." He was, in fact, the very finest kind of Englishman going, the noblest survival of what was ideal in whiggism. But through his grandfather, Lord Hartington has French blood in his veins, being descended from M. de Flahault who was Napoleon's secretary and, incidentally, Talleyrand's son. Flahault married in 1817 Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, Baroness Nairne in her own right. Derbyshire is very pleased with Lord Hartington's appointment. His general good sportsmanship and in particular his interest in cock-fighting have made him very popular in his own county. His presence in the Government and that of his brother-in-law, Lord Cranborne, point to middle-aged men the passage of time. They have taken their fathers' places—almost prescriptive rights—in a democratic Government.

LORD LANSDOWNE.—And now the head of the third house, so long closely linked by political and family ties with those of Cavendish and Cecil, is untimely dead. The sixth Marquess of Lansdowne, who succeeded his father in 1927, died suddenly last week of pneumonia. His family and friends knew well that he never recovered from the tragic death of his eldest son in 1933. He was never robust, though delicate health did not prevent his giving admirable service throughout the Boer War and proving himself a good sportsman in many fields. He was best known to his many friends as Kerry as his father was always known to his intimates as "Clan." He took no leading part in politics, his tastes were rather literary, and he made admirable use of the wealth of archives stored away at Bowood, in a number of scholarly and authoritative books, the best known of which is the correspondence between Flahault, Morny, and Louis Napoleon. Lord Lansdowne possessed all his father's notable good manners, kindness of heart, and high ideals. He was a good landlord, a delightful host, a charming and scholarly companion, and a man totally devoid of pomposity or pretentions. Democracy may continue to pillory the age of privilege, but social historians will one day assess at their proper value the influence and example in social life of the good manners, high ideals, and sense of responsibility constantly practised by one or two of the great Whig and Tory families who have so long played a leading part in the political and social life of Britain.



INAUGURATION: The Right Rev. Lord William Cecil, veteran Bishop of Exeter, blessing the new Vicarage of St. Thomas the Apostle at Keyham, Devonport. He is a brother of the present Marquess of Salisbury, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, and the Right Hon. Lord Hugh Cecil, and is now seventy-four years of age

T ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: Mr. Alister C. Leeson, son of the late Captain Leeson, and Miss Avis Cayzer, daughter of the late Mr. Arthur E. B. Cayzer, who were married a few days ago. The bride was given away by Sir August Cayzer, and one of the four bridesmaids was her cousin, Lady Prudence Jellicoe, daughter of the first Earl Jellicoe

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK GO TO CHURCH: They are at present staying at Compton Place, Eastbourne, where Her Royal Highness is recuperating from her recent illness, and are pictured here on the way to Divine Service at St. Mary's last Sunday. Accompanying them was Princess Margaret Rose (*right*) and Princess Elizabeth, who can just be seen behind her mother

L. C. J.—Lord Hewart has now been Lord Chief Justice of England for fourteen years. It is a record which Lords Coleridge and Alverstone just failed to equal. What (say you) about Lord Mansfield? Or for that matter the great Cockburn or the famous Lord Ellenborough and one or two more? No, Lord Hewart's record stands as written. Mansfield and Cockburn were never L. C. Js. of England. They were L. C. Js. of the King's (or Queen's) Bench. A point of casuistry, no doubt. Lord Hewart is still a "mere boy." As he is determined to die in harness, the expectation of life nowadays being ever on the increase and sound men coming to their prime in about their ninetieth year, Lord Hewart may very well defeat Lord Mansfield's record with a thirty-eight over the modern and ancient courses. Meanwhile the L. C. J.'s pith and point, wit and wisdom, show no sign of deterioration.

BLAIR CASTLE.—Blair Castle, usually known as Blair Atholl, is to be open to the public daily this summer. It has not hitherto ever been available for public inspection. Almost everybody who still finds the journey north by train a romantic adventure, wakes after Perth to see Scone glowing warm red on the flats in the early morning sunlight and some time later, when breakfast is the urgent call, Blair shining dead white in a green park under the great hills which dominate Blair Atholl. This stronghold of the Atholl Murrays, Dukes of Atholl (sometime Athol or Athole), Marquesses of Tullibardine, and formerly Sovereigns of the Isle of Man, dates from the thirteenth century, and still reveals traces of great antiquity despite various efforts at modernisation. There is a long narrow passage through the castle which can have formed no part of the original structure; it is decorated with heads of stags, and here is about the only place in a great Highland house where these trophies of sport seem to suit their setting. Usually one detests stags' heads anywhere but in a lodge proper or a gun room. An earlier duke did a great deal of "Frenchifying" at Blair; he decorated a number of great rooms in white and gold, a scheme doubtfully suited to a rugged Highland castle, albeit the park-like surroundings under the hills are not un-English. Blair of course, played its part in most of the great Scottish risings and other wars. It heard the gun pops of Killiecrankie; saw Montrose raise his standard (and still preserves his armour into which a child can hardly squeeze); was besieged in the '45—the sons of the house usually joining in an assurance policy by fighting, some on the Hanoverian and some on the Stuart side, in the troubles of '15 and '45. Charles Edward's noble and ill-served general, Lord George, left a son who succeeded as third duke, and is ancestor of the present. Thus the descent from Freskin and the ownership of the lands won by force of arms have been maintained through the centuries gone by into the present century of change and uprooting. Queen Victoria was lent Blair as a headquarters from which to search for a Highland home which was found at Balmoral; and the change to modern times is best recalled by the memory of the present duke leading Mr. Lloyd George mounted on a white pony across the barren heather hills which the wizard proposed to turn into smiling corn lands. Before her death Annie Lady Cowdray acquired an important interest in the vast estate, and one of her granddaughters may one day become Duchess of Atholl.

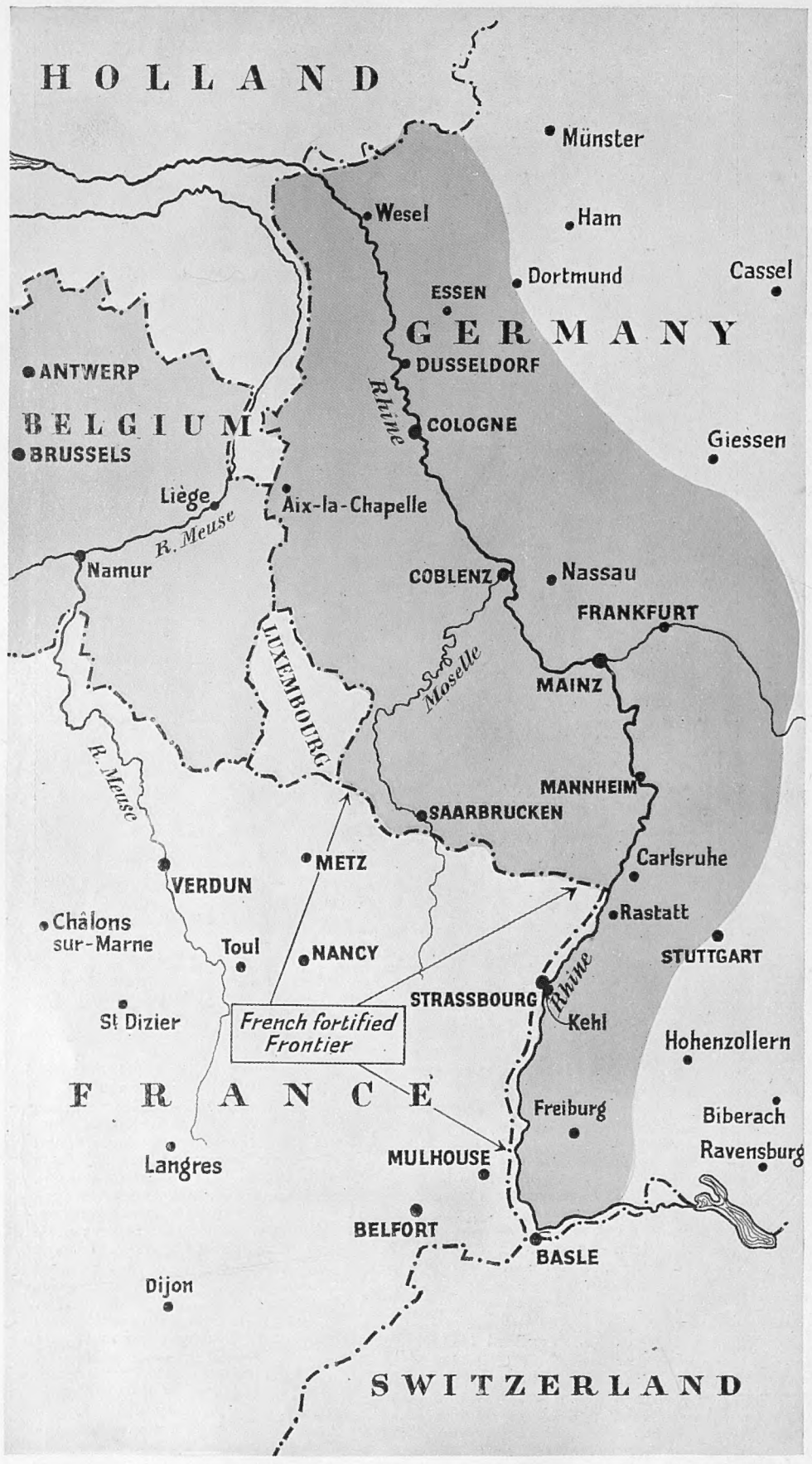
THE OLD STAGER

GERMAN TROOPS ENTER THE RHINELAND

In Violation of the Locarno and Versailles Treaties

JOYOUS ENTRY: Girls offering flowers to the troops as they rode through Düsseldorf last Saturday to the accompaniment of roars of welcome from the citizens who had not seen German soldiers in their streets for over eighteen years. The arrival was almost entirely unexpected

THE RE-MILITARISATION OF DUSSELDORF: Men of the Reich Air Force entering the city, singing national songs as they marched. General Kuhne, who addressed them on arrival, said "The Rhine is Germany's river, and shall never be a mere German boundary"



THE CENTRE OF DISPUTE: A map of the Rhineland area (shaded dark) which was demilitarised at the Paris Peace Conference to provide France with a safeguard against aggression, but which actually borders on French territory for less than half its length, Belgium and Luxembourg acting as buffer States in the north. The Rhine runs through the heart of this zone to a point just south of Carlsruhe and thereafter represents the frontier. Along this section France has built an elaborate series of fortifications, the majority of which are now said to be manned

A FIELD WIRELESS STATION: One of many units that accompanied th delivering his speech to the members of the Reichstag in the Kro first announcement of his Rhineland coup. Foreign observers note sarcasm in which most of the Chancellor's references to foreig Fuehrer spoke hung three swastikas, the centre one with an eagle a

THE OCCUPATION OF COLOGNE: Supply waggons, manned by steel-helmeted troops, passing the famous cathedral during their orderly progress through the city to the barracks, schools, and other buildings which had evidently been prepared for the men in advance, and the purpose of which had been kept a close secret with such extraordinary success. Every officer has come into the area with orders to do nothing to create an impression of military power, and the soldiery have been described by a German paper as "men of peace who carry arms"

MARCH OF THE STORM TROOPERS: Passing through the gateway of the old fort at Cologne preparatory to taking part in the National Remembrance Day commemorations (equivalent to Armistice Day)

oops into the demilitarised zone. *On left*—Herr Hitler pera House, Berlin, on Saturday last when he made the th some discomfort the tone of extreme bitterness and atesmen were couched. Behind the tribune from which the ckground. Beneath it sat General Göring, the President

IN THE COBBLED STREETS OF OLD COLOGNE: A German soldier of to-day in the strange, but probably highly serviceable, uniform adopted by some military units

Whither Hitler?

The Chancellor's Latest Audacity and its Possible Repercussions

WHITHER Hitler?

A hard question but a true one. It is—the pity of it—the only question which we can ask. It is, unfortunately, the only question which the world can ask. It is Hitler who has taken the initiative at this present time.

Herr Hitler has by subtle and indirect means made a practice of setting the Treaty of Versailles at naught. And now—so we say—he has marched through the Locarno Pact with jack boots into the forbidden area of the demilitarised Rhine. But that apparently is not precisely Herr Hitler's view. He has denounced the Locarno Pact because, he says, France herself has been unfaithful to the Pact through her unholy alliance with Russia.

He has the audacity, indeed, to plead that he has not in spirit violated the Locarno Pact, and he pleads, alternatively, that if he has he was driven to it by the unbearable pressure of the Treaty of Versailles. With the tears standing in his bright Aryan eyes he assures us that he never feels like a Dictator. He is just an overburdened patriot distracted by his country's woes. Is Hitler honest? Or is he merely a hypocrite? That is the question which will lurk in the minds of all when the Council of the League meets. And upon the answer will depend the present fate of the world.

At the moment the overmastering problem in the minds of nearly everyone is what is going to happen until the League meets. The answer is—nothing. Nothing at any rate that will shatter the world unless the French are foolish and get out of hand; unless Hitler performs some mad act. He will not. Herr Hitler is a very clever man. For the moment he has said his little piece and made his big move. He will now rely on his own estimate of the world's psychology and the ultimate ruling of the international lawyers.

Yes Herr Hitler is a very clever man but his general psychology is wrong. It is curious that the practitioners of psychology in the home of psychology are always wrong. Hitler chose a moment when he felt that Great Britain was embarrassed in the Mediterranean and that France, faced with an election, was likely to swing to a pacifist Left. Great Britain, however, has not for many years felt less inclined to be embarrassed and political history in France teaches us that when faced with a crisis induced by exterior forces France invariably swings to the Right. That Hitler is faced with grave internal dissensions and rapidly approaching financial debacle are not among the matters which he has mentioned to the world. But they are there and they count.

It is interesting at this juncture to look back and see how we have come to this pass. We begin with the Treaty of Versailles. An impossible document born of the fears of France and the Kaiser-hanging ferocities of Mr. Lloyd George. In addition there was the fire-eating and implacable pacifism of President Wilson. It seems to have been forgotten that the ability to enforce the Treaty was based on the calculation that American influence and American power would remain in Europe. When the American people vetoed Mr. Wilson's dreams the Treaty was virtually dead. Thereafter the Covenant was in reality merely a matter of words, and even the impassioned efforts of Mr. Kellogg could not alter cold facts. And the cold facts are that ever since Herr Hitler came to power he has persistently run counter to the spirit of the Covenant. In 1932, complaining that Sir John Simon's plan for a disarmament was not the plan of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, he resigned from the Disarmament Conference and called Germany out of the League. Thereafter, in spite of every protest, in spite of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, he proceeded to re-arm Germany on a colossal scale. His crowning action in this respect was the restoration of conscription in 1935.

And now he has marched his troops into the demilitarised zone. And while his troops goose-stepped into the land which is the cradle of German history Hitler made an astonishing offer of peace to the world. And such is the strength of Germany that, whatever the protests of the French, that offer however much Hitler may have broken international law cannot lightly be put on one side. It has indeed been considered very gravely. And the problem is largely a spiritual problem. Is Hitler honest?

It is right that one should be fair to Hitler and that one should be fair to Germany. The conditions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles were such as no proud nation could endure for ever. And times change. Even treaties grow out of date. And memories are short.

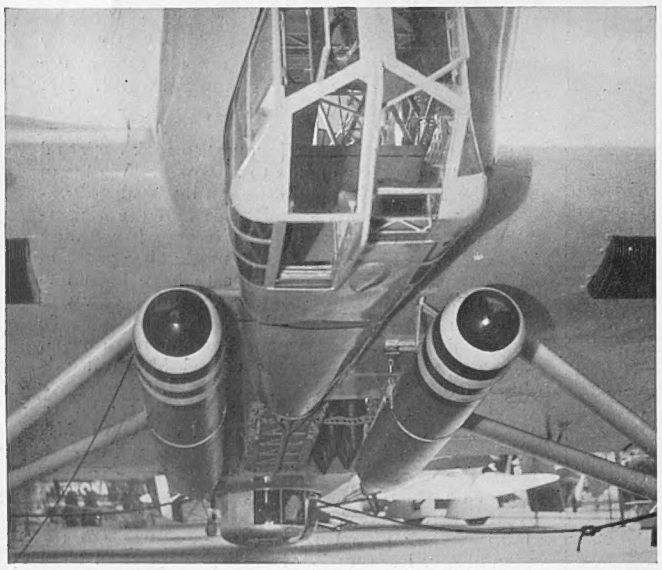
Herr Hitler's temptation was great. It is a pity that he succumbed to it. There are other ways of righting wrongs than by indulging in other wrongs. It will be a pity for the world if he has made a colossal mistake.

W. H.-W.

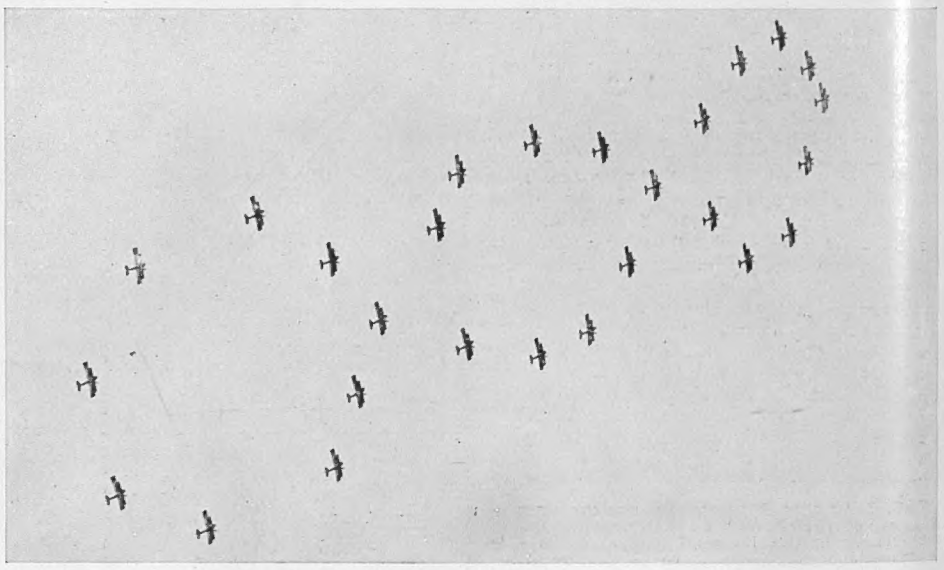
ITALY'S FORMIDABLE BOMBING 'PLANES AT PRACTICE

Aircraft which of Recent Weeks Have Wrought Such Havoc on the Northern Abyssinian Front

THE FOG OF WAR: Italy's up-to-date Hawk bombers being used for smoke-screen practice before being despatched to East Africa for use in the Abyssinian War. These machines, which can carry two torpedoes in addition to their large supply of bombs, and have a range of 1,700 miles and an average speed of over 105 miles per hour, are of the same type as those employed by Marshal Badoglio in following up his victory at Amba Alagi, when he sent them out to harass the retreating forces of the vanquished Ras Kassa and Ras Mulugueta, accounting, it is reported, for many hundreds of men who had survived the battle



AERIAL ARMAMENT: The two large torpedoes carried by these bombers, each of which is capable of doing immense damage



A UNIQUE ATTACKING FORMATION: A squadron of Hawks engaged in manœuvres—a picture that epitomises the extraordinary efficiency that has been attained by Mussolini's air force

The Attack on the British Red Cross Unit

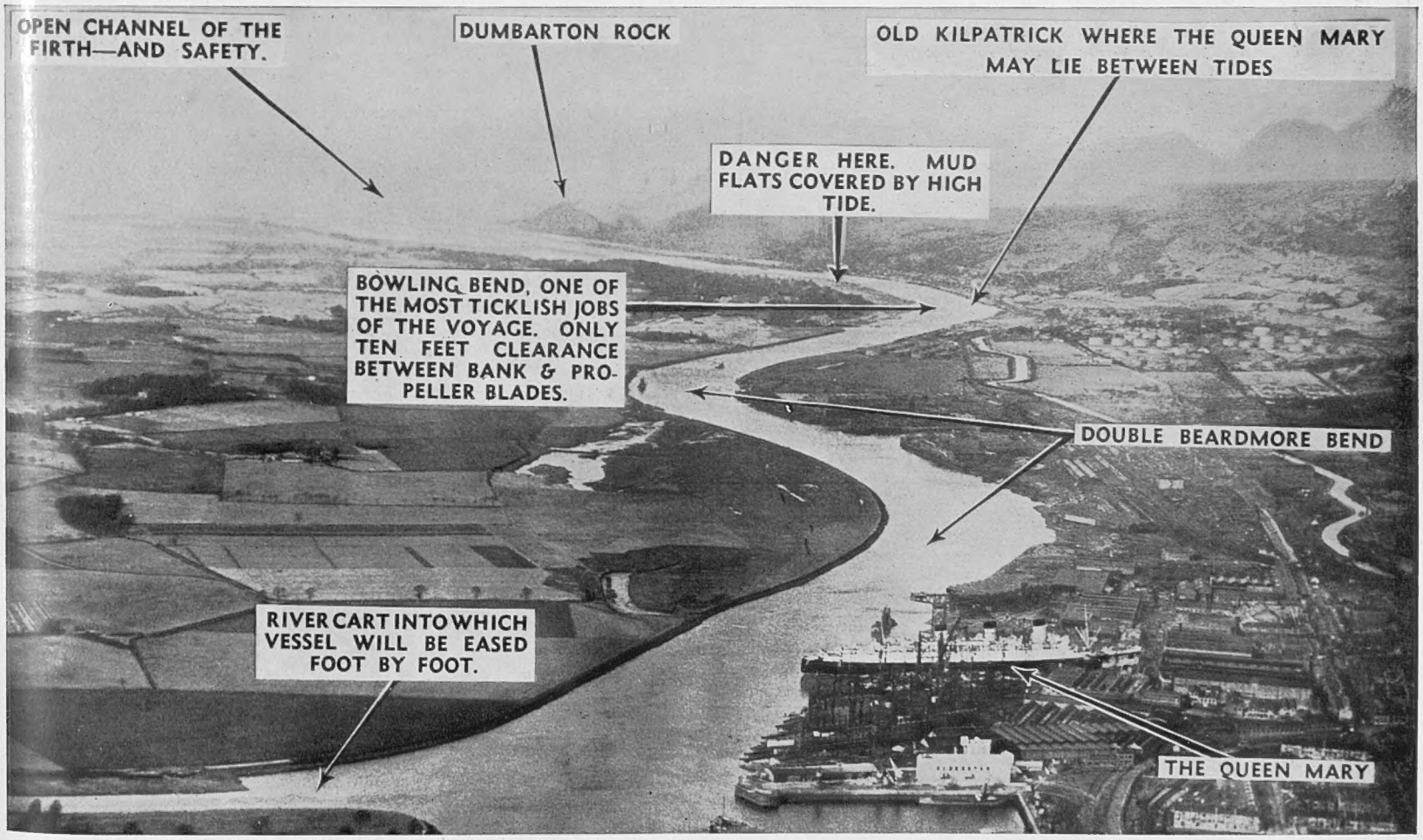
An Eye-witness Account, and the Italian Explanation

It was in the following words that an eye-witness (quoted by Reuter) graphically described the recent bombing of the British Red Cross unit in Abyssinia by Italian 'planes. "This morning while the senior medical officer, Dr. Melly, was performing a delicate abdominal operation on an Ethiopian patient, with the aid of Dr. McFee, an Italian bomber which had been circling round the camp came lower and began to drop bombs on the camp at Quoram. We threw ourselves face downward. A second later a bomb burst nearby, and splinters flew over us. The wounded in the camp and our group then scattered over the surrounding plain, pursued by missiles from the low-flying 'plane. Then we lay pressed down in tiny ruts, while the 'plane went round and round for more than thirty minutes, dropping more bombs each time it passed over the camp. The full tragedy of the Italian bomber's action in bombing the British ambulance was brought home to me later when I witnessed surgeons in the dim light of electric torches, and with an improvised table, as the operating tent had been smashed up, amputating the legs of two patients. The British Red Cross ambulance camp is in the middle of a circular uninhabited plain of five miles radius, without the slightest cover. There was not a single soldier, save the camp police, within two or three miles of the camp. Apart from a slightly wounded N.C.O. and one Kenya native orderly slightly injured, the chief sufferers were the helpless wounded—re-wounded or blown to pieces as they lay in their beds unable to move. Hiding here amid the bushes and listening to the boom of aeroplane engines and the crash of bombs in the neighbouring valleys," continues the eye-witness, "I cannot but recall vividly the scenes of bombing of the British ambulance. That great silver war-bird swooping across the sunny sky. . . . The wild scramble of wounded natives, doctors and dressers in blood-stained overalls, scattering for shelter in the open plain. . . . The sudden flash and roar of the bursting bombs. . . . The face of a wounded man crawling from the shattered ward-tent dragging behind him a mangled mass of bleeding flesh almost severed from his body."

The following explanation of the outrage was later forthcoming from Rome. "An Italian aeroplane sighted in the neighbourhood of an Abyssinian camp south of Quoram a column of 30 motor-vehicles from which cases and baggage were being unloaded. At the centre of the column a Red Cross emblem was displayed. The pilot flew low and was received by violent anti-aircraft fire exactly when he was over the Red Cross sign, and his machine was hit. Yesterday the aeroplane returned to the spot to make a fresh reconnaissance and was again struck. Dispositions were then taken for the bombing of the objective, from which, after the bombs had taken effect, black smoke arose which confirmed the Italian supposition that it was an ammunition dump. The Italian Air Force," the speaker added, "had acted within its full rights."

FLYING HOTEL and OCEAN GREYHOUND: News of Germany's Vast New Airship and Britain's Giant Atlantic Liner

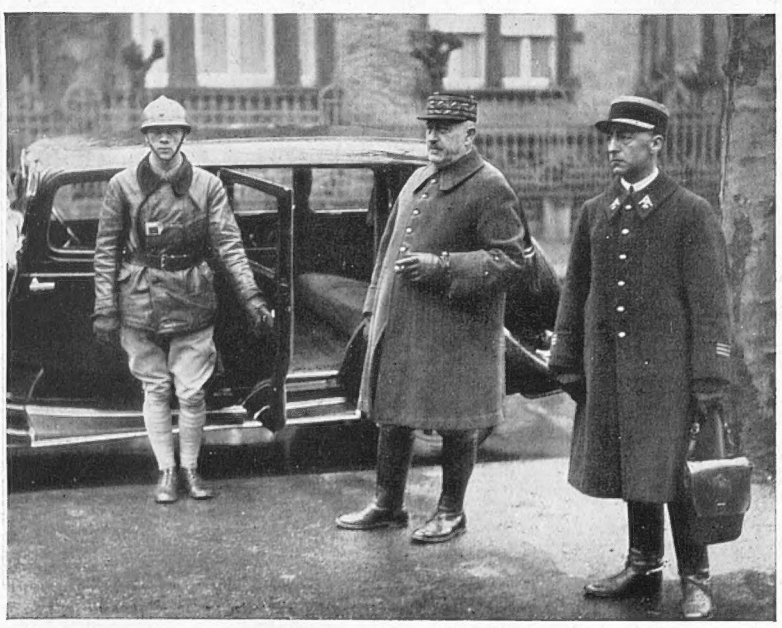
THE WORLD'S LARGEST ZEPPELIN STARTS OUT ON HER FIRST FLIGHT: The *L Z 129*, in future to be called the *Hindenburg*, leaving the hangar at Friedrichshafen as she set out with eighty-five passengers on board on a cruise of three hours round the shores of Lake Constance, during which she stopped, reversed, changed altitude, and engaged in other manœuvres to prove her airworthiness. Captain Eckener, who has become world famous as the pilot of the *Graf Zeppelin*, which has of recent years crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic with such unfailing regularity, is delighted with the *L Z 129*, and he says that she compares extremely well with the older craft, the steering being lighter, the engines more silent and freer from vibration, and the landing-run shorter; while the engines developing 4,200-h.p. (as against the 2,500-h.p. of the *Graf*) make possible a maximum speed of 84 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of 75 m.p.h. The airship weighs 110 tons, is 972 ft. long by 162 ft. in diameter, with accommodation on transatlantic flights for approximately fifty passengers and a crew of forty



HAZARDS OF "QUEEN MARY'S" RIVER VOYAGE: An aerial view of the Clyde down which the 70,000-ton Cunard White Star liner will make her way to the sea, watched probably by a vast crowd of between a quarter and a half a million people. The difficulties of the journey to deep water are considerable, but responsible officials of the Clyde Navigation Trust have expressed their satisfaction with the preparations that have been made, and there is no reason at all to expect any hitch. The navigable channel in many parts of the Clyde is under 300 ft. wide, and the width of the vessel is 118 ft., while the clearance between the keel and the river-bed may in some circumstances be no more than 4 ft. There will be at least five crucial stages in the journey, when delicate work will be necessary on the part of the six tugs in charge of the liner. She will enter the main stream stern first, making use of the River Cart to be manœuvred into an oblique position. Four difficult bends then remain to be negotiated—the double at Beardmore, and the singles at Bowling and Prince's Pier, Greenock, round each of which she will be eased, foot by foot, by the attendant tugs. On arrival at Tail o' the Bank she will take on fuel for the trip to Southampton

THE LATE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, EARL BEATTY, VISCOUNT BORODALE, AND BARON OF THE NORTH SEA: The famous naval commander who has died within a few months of the passing of his old chief, Earl Jellicoe, for whose funeral he rose from a sick bed and thus hastened his own end. Probably no seaman since Nelson has captured the public imagination to quite the same extent, and by his actions in the war—off Heligoland, at the Dogger Bank, where he sank the *Blucher*, and at the Battle of Jutland where he punished the German battle cruisers severely—he showed himself a great fighting Admiral. In April 1919 he attained the highest rank in the service at the age of forty-eight, having risen in six bounds from the bottom of the naval ladder in an incredibly short space of time. His last post was that of First Sea Lord, from which he retired nearly nine years ago

AFTER THE WAR: *Left*—Earl Beatty (then Sir David Beatty) raising his cap as the German High Seas Fleet was surrendered to him in the Firth of Forth on November 21, 1918, in accordance with the terms of the Armistice. *Right*—A smiling study of the great commander taken at the Derby in 1927. He was a keen sportsman, and was never happier than when in the hunting field



ACTIVITY IN ALSACE AND LORRAINE: General Guitry, Military Governor of Metz, who has been engaged in taking precautionary measures, including the re-manning of fortifications by the French Frontier Defence Force, as an answer to the German Army's entry into the neighbouring de-militarised Rhineland zone. Leave has also been suspended in four army corps districts

Spain's Century of Political Turmoil

From Absolutism to Government by the People

Kenneth Everill, author of the accompanying article, was lately the English correspondent of the Madrid journal, El Sol, *and has also lived for many years in Spain and South America.*

By KENNETH EVERILL

THERE is no doubt that Spanish affairs have been puzzling English people for some time past. It is not surprising, for few are acquainted with the true facts of Spanish political life. To understand the events which led up to the abdication of King Alfonso XIII, and the political troubles which have since overtaken the Spanish Republic one must have some knowledge of the history of the monarchy in Spain, and the long and cruel fight waged by the Spanish people for what we all regard as elementary rights. For these ordinary privileges, the people we are apt to regard as lacking in energy have put up one of the most heroic fights in modern history. Unfortunately we know less to-day about life in that country than when George Borrow wrote his delightful records about Spain and her people, thus there is some excuse for the Briton's strange notions and his belief that the Spaniards are incapable of governing their country. Few people realise that the establishment or re-establishment of a Republic some four years ago was the culmination of a struggle that has been proceeding in Spain for more than a century, and that the demands made by its people on that occasion were practically the same as those espoused by Major Riego in 1820. During that period thousands of men and women met death for their cause; even in recent decades their aspirations have been checked by judicial murders, and imprisonment without trial.

In Ferdinand's reign (1820) a Liberal victory brought them a Constitution and a Parliament which did splendid work, but it had been secured against the Monarch's will, and it was not long before his subjects discovered that it paid them better to receive their smiling sovereign with subservient cries. It is a curious fact that the parties of the Cortes of those days agreed to suppress the Jesuits, check the monastic orders, endow and encourage education, and curtail the ancient privileges of the nobles, these being the first measures voted by the Republican Parliament four years ago.

Ramon de Torre-Isunza, a strict Catholic writer of the Catholic-Conservative Government of his day (the early period of King Alfonso's reign), uses such phrases as "Spain has 'a corrupt society and corrupting authority,' and 'there is no such deep immorality in any other State in the world.'"

This was said of the Spain under Queen Maria Cristina, a period of relative prosperity and improvement. And in the year 1903 the Madrid Athenæum of Science and Letters issued a collective work, incorporating the statements in debate of its most distinguished members on the existing political corruption. The title of the work is *Oligarchy and Caciquism as the Actual Form of Government in Spain.*

It is not difficult to conceive what the position of the Spanish people must have been under less enlightened and less scrupulous governments. For instance during the reign of Alfonso XII (1874-1885) there was a deficit in the national Budget almost if not every year. In spite of this 173,000 small landed proprietors were prosecuted for arrears of taxation while owners of large estates paid no taxes or far less than they ought by bribing officials or as a reward of loyalty to the party. The cost of collecting taxation was about one-third of the leviable amount. During the next twenty years that followed, the political position of the country was no better and its economic interests were in a very sad condition. In a country kept in ignorance and ruled by such methods it is hardly surprising that workers in the large towns should have become converts to Socialism and Anarchism. It was these methods of government, the indifference and sometimes the complicity of the all-powerful Spanish Church, and the sufferings and privations of the working and middle-class people of Spain that forced them to rid their country of a system of government that few nations would have tolerated for so long.

It is known that the political elections in Spain were as corrupt as ever right up to the year 1923 when General Primo de Rivera seized power. In the early part of that year things grew more complicated and critical than usual. There were acute labour troubles, largely on account of conflicts between the Socialists, Syndicalists, and Communists. A proposal to grant complete religious toleration brought about fresh trouble with the Church. The Church won, but Cardinal Soldevila was murdered. Still more important was the discussion of the question of responsibility for Spain's military disaster in Morocco. The Cortes was forced to order a Committee of Inquiry. As the long debate on this question proceeded the belief spread that certain ministers were trying to prevent an exhausiive inquiry because it would involve the King.

Spain's last form of government before the fall of the Monarchy was the Military Directory under Primo de Rivera. It was, of course, a dictatorship pure and simple. It did little good to the country and much harm to the King, who did not hesitate to drop this once useful tool as soon as he perceived that it was no longer serviceable. General Primo de Rivera was replaced by General Berenguer.

The culmination of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship was a series of disasters; his attempt to punish the ex-Conservative Premier, Sanchez Guerra, whom he had had arrested on a charge of having led a rising in Valencia, was quashed at the court-martial presided over by six distinguished officers; the students were in revolt everywhere, due largely to the encroachments of the clergy; there were serious riots in Madrid; trade was alarmed at the heavy fall of the peseta, and there was a big budget deficit.

General Berenguer abolished the Consultive Assembly, and every effort was made to pacify the students and the army, but by this time national sentiment could neither be conciliated nor suppressed. The bulk of the nation was against the King, who was accused of supporting the Directorate for his own protection and to conceal his responsibility in connection with the Morocco disaster. General Berenguer realised that elections were necessary, and that the Cortes must be reopened. His move was sound from the Government's point of view. He insisted that the municipal must follow the parliamentary elections, knowing that the municipal authorities were all nominees of the Dictatorship, and would control the election for the Cortes. His plan failed, however, reaction was broken, and he had to grant honest elections which were fought on the single issue—Royalist or Republican.

On the evening of April 14, the Republican leader Alcalá Zamora gave the news over the wireless that Alfonso had abdicated. It was a moment of moving drama; the King learned that not even the Civil Guard would fight for him, whilst the country learned that it had won its sovereignty.

The Republic is now on trial in Spain. This is the only change, for it is plain that the Republic has not changed the Spanish people.

ASKARIS DESERT TO KENYA

Italy's Discontented Native Troops from Eritrea

INTERNED: Members of a battalion of Askaris from Eritrea who, before the Ethiopian war broke out, had been serving under the Italian colours in Libya, but instead of being sent home, as expected, were shipped to Italian Somaliland to assist in the southern offensive under General Graziani. They became so discontented at being unable to rejoin their families that they deserted, making their way to Kenya where, as seen here, they were placed in custody by the authorities at Isiolo. Their journey could not have been far short of five hundred miles, and when they arrived many of them were in a sorry state. Since this picture was taken there have been further cases of desertion, but only on the part of the Eritreans, some of whom were unwise enough to join the rapidly disintegrating forces of Ras Desta, a commander notorious for the bad food with which he supplied his men. Note the two-storeyed grass hut in the background of this illustration.

REJOICINGS IN CATALONIA

As President Companys Returns from Prison

HERO OF THE HOUR: Señor Luis Companys, who less than eight days previously was a prisoner at the penal institution of Puerto Santa Maria, near Cadiz, serving a sentence of thirty years for military rebellion, standing up in his car and acknowledging the thunderous cheers of the populace as he drove through the thronged streets of Barcelona on his return as President of Catalonia—a scene of rejoicing that typifies the way in which the people of Spain have received the victory of the Left in the recent elections. President Companys, who was actually elected to the Cortes from his cell, is only one of many who have benefited by the political turn of the tide, for thousands of exiles who fled into France after the abortive rising of 1934 have been flocking back

WITH GENERAL GRAZIANI'S MEN

A New Series of Pictures from the Southern Front

In last week's issue of "The Sphere," Colonel S. L. Cra'ster, who has an intimate knowledge of the southern borders of Ethiopia, contributed a survey of the progress of General Graziani's campaign to date, describing how he is advancing from Italian Somaliland in three bodies, his first objective being Harar. On this page we are able to give a series of pictures, taken closer to the front than any hitherto published. Some of the views show positions held by the Italians in the territory they have invaded, places of great strategic importance such as Gorahai and Gabridhari captured only after fierce hand-to-hand fighting

A BATTERY TAKING UP POSITION OUTSIDE GABRIDHARI: Field guns at an important point on the Fafan river, about 150 miles north of Kulla on the Italian Somaliland border, and about 200 miles south of Harar, the second city of Ethiopia, upon which General Graziani evidently intends to concentrate his forces. At the beginning of the campaign it was thought that the southern theatre of war was comparatively unimportant and that the Italian troops there were merely intended to divert the Abyssinians' attention from the north, but it is now apparent that the invaders mean, if possible, to push right into the heart of the country. As they advance, however, and their lines of communications lengthen their difficulties rapidly increase

DEFENSIVE MEASURES AT GORAH. was fairly strongly held, but the press attendant aircraft—forced the defenc took every possible precaution to h

MORNING ABLUTIONS: An Italian officer standing knee deep in a lake, a picturesque spot in a well-watered part of Ogaden province. Note his sunburnt legs which in the few months of the campaign have become a very dark brown

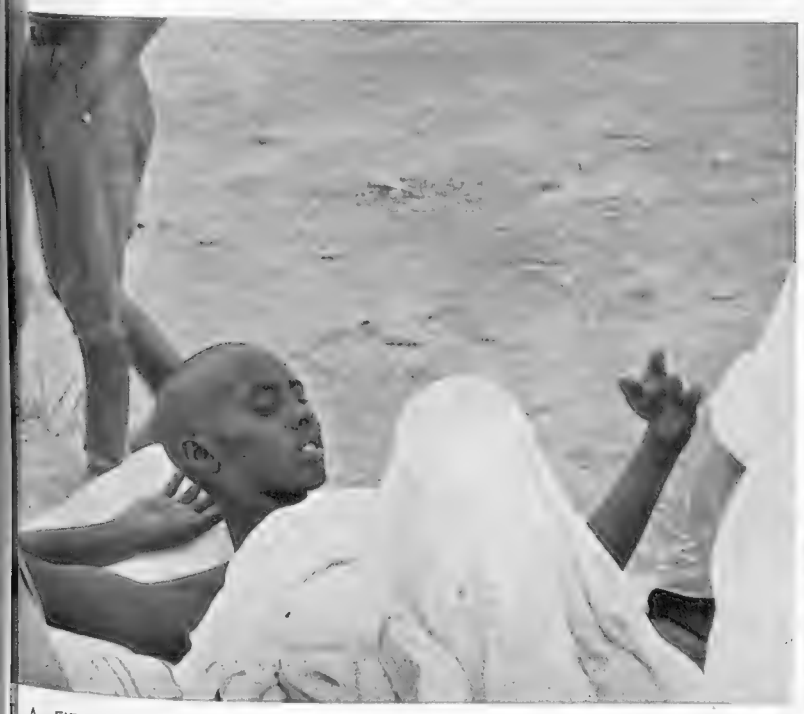
BURYING THEIR DEAD: Native sold carrying a comrade to the grave pared for him after an engager

AN ITALIAN FORT PROTECTED BY AN OUTER BARRIER OF BARBED WIRE: A typical stronghold on the frontiers of Somaliland and Ethiopia with the red, white, and green Italian national colours flying from one of the main towers

...ier in the campaign this was an important point in the Ethiopian advanced line and ...he invading Italian columns—superior in land armament and powerfully aided by ...retreat with loss. Fearing a counter-attack in the near future General Graziani's men ...e place and, as this picture indicates, a highly elaborate trench system was created

WAR'S GHASTLY TRAIL: The decomposing corpse of one of Ras Desta's followers lying where the man was shot down during an encounter on the Webbe Shibeli

SCENE OF MANY A FIERCE ENGAGEMENT: A hill-top fort at Gorahai with Italian native troops standing on the parapet. It has been rumoured that these men have been proving disloyal, but it appears that the desertions that have taken place have been by only a certain section of discontented Eritreans. *Below*—Field guns attached to transport lorries pictured on arrival at Gabridhari



A FIELD DRESSING STATION: A native soldier examining a bullet removed from his leg by an Italian surgeon. These men are said to be extremely courageous and think nothing of undergoing a major operation without anæsthetics

THE BRAINTRUSTERS OF BELGIUM

The Men Who Have Steered the Country Out of the Trough of Depression

M. Paul van Zeeland and His Youthful but Brilliant Assistants

THE MODERN CINCINNATUS: M. Paul van Zeeland, who has wrought such remarkable changes during his year of office as Belgian Premier and has now signified his intention of retiring from the political field. He is forty-three years old and is first and foremost a banker and economist

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WE know the sad fate that has been reserved for Braintrusters, those theoretical wallahs first thought of by a buoyant Roosevelt to tackle the dislocated times. Only one of the original Washington advisory company survives in Rexford Tugwell, professor of economics at Columbia University, once known as "Number One Braintruster" or "the Paramount Issue" for opponents of the New Deal, and who to-day still carries on in "the Skipper's" relative good books as administrator of a four billion dollar fund dedicated to a long-range rehabilitation in town and country.

All the others have taken the direction of Mr. Donat's Ghost, "only one of them (we read) leaving in perfect harmony with the Skipper." This was evidently Joseph P. Kennedy who organised the Securities and Exchange Commission "and then retired amid applause." As for the rest, "they were all strong individualists who sooner or later, for one reason or another, found that their particular function had ceased to exist." They fought one another, their ideas "did not pan out," Moley acted as if he were Secretary of State, others "dropped out for publicly unexplained reasons," and so on. Tugwell alone tugs on of this unique cerebral throw-up of the Great Dislocation.

Other peoples, other Brain Trusts. M. van Zeeland, Belgium's Premier, will retire on April 1 after completing a successful job whose guiding principles were thought out by half-a-dozen professors, the Prime Minister one of their number. Belgium's Brain Trust not only thought, but successfully acted. The whole country admits it, even would-be critics such as the banking fief of the late Emile Franqui, the Société Générale. When a year ago M. van Zeeland took over, not only to execute a devaluationist policy that had been rendered inescapable by previous Cabinets' mulish-ostrich behaviour, but to lay the foundations of a different social order in Belgium, a fact that has never been sufficiently realised in England, there drummed the usual chorus foretelling the end of all things. Further tampering with the currency would raise the cost of living and, calamitously so, the price of raw materials; it would destroy confidence and banking stability, provoke a flight of capital, and contribute nothing to unemployment or to balancing the Budget. That Belgium was ravaged by an over-valued Belga was brushed aside. That over-valuation made for increasing imports and decreasing exports, for gold losses, dear money, depression, unemployment, budgetary deficits, found few receptive ears in comfortable quarters whose fetish endured that the existing gold parity *must* be maintained. It was this stubbornly unseeing portion that long rendered change impossible, as it is still so disastrously doing in France.

M. van Zeeland and his merry cerebrals from Louvain, Antwerp, and Brussels Universities were to confound all the gloomy predictions. Gold was almost immediately to become embarrassingly plentiful, exports soon made headway, interest rates fell, business, particularly that key indication, building, revived, general production steadily increased, the higher cost of imported raw materials was more than balanced by general recovery in demand, budgetary revenues rose, and a "developed" Budget could be balanced without further cuts or additional taxation—in fact civil servants' wages have been increased during the year in a degree corresponding to 7½ per cent.

How was all this done? And, in view of it, why won't M. van Zeeland carry on? Remember, his has been an exceptional success; the first Continental prime minister to bring his country through and out of the trough of the dislocation. Sweden may have got through before him, but Sweden's case was not Belgium's by a long way.

Let me answer the second question, first. "M. van Zeeland does not wish to be embroiled in political passions," explained a leading Braintruster, Professor Baudhuin, of the Institute of Economic Science at Louvain. I found the professor handsome and come-hither and one of our sacrificial war generation, aged forty-one. In fact all Belgium's Braintrusters with the exception of Professor Janssen, who is fifty-five, are either in the late thirties or early forties. The others are Professors Dupriez, Lemoine, and Roger, these three remaining incorporated in the Government's Office of National Reconstruction. Van Zeeland is Director of the Louvain Institute of Economic Science, Jannsen, an ex-Finance Minister its President, and Baudhuin, its Secretary-General. These are the men, above most others, whom Belgium has to thank for being placed on the road to recovery, for they were the ones who accepted the challenge and put their midnight-oil theories into practice in a baffling universe. Of course, I am not comparing their task with Roosevelt's; nevertheless Belgium, as a teeming, industrialised little land of 8,000,000 population largely dependant on export trade, was getting into a most unholy mess. As a millstone round its neck was the French gold franc. Tariffs and quotas loomed spectrally right and left. The banking system floundered ever more deeply. The economic structure of the country was in danger.

"M. van Zeeland does not wish to be embroiled in political passions and there is a General Election in June. He feels that he was summoned to carry out a specific technical operation, that this is now done, and that he should therefore withdraw. He asked for a year's full powers and I think you will find that the day they lapse M. van Zeeland will return to his post as Vice-Governor of the National Bank and as our Director at Louvain. Better to leave a big job, well done!"

To come now to how it was done, the foreign observer is firstly inclined to disentangle two decisive influences. The country gave collective backing to its young interim leader. from the word "go." All classes and interests did this; the Belgians yet being a common sensical people on a crazy Continent. Secondly, the young leader, substituting the purely technical for the political, won a signal triumph in the transcending matter of method: *how* to put over his devaluation and New Deal, how to extract the most from each and to avoid slips perhaps fatal. The van Zeeland technique, derived principally from side-glancing at ourselves, the U.S., and Sweden, displayed a first-rate calculating mind well and truly tethered where it should be. A triumph, you may say, for the Executive divorced from politics. As a French senator said at lunch one day: "Belgium is now being conducted like one enormous commercial and industrial concern, as a factory in which immoderate profit-seeking no longer runs. I fear we French can expect no such happy marriage of Capital and Labour, the one bringing abundance and the other, a more equitable repartition of commodities. Yes, that is this van Zeeland's contribution—his governmental activities are directed by preference to what the consumer has to pay, the cost of production being regulated accordingly. He is the first to attack with hope of success the central problem which is one of distribution."

Belgium's so far successful New Deal was based on the following programme:—

Creation of board to control credit policy.

Creation of organisations to supply abundant cheap credit and to guarantee funds to help banks in temporary trouble.

Economic expansion to absorb unemployed, but any public works must be paying propositions.

Recognition of Soviet Russia, for trading advantages.

Raising of wholesale prices.

Slight rise in retail prices.

Lightening in financial and fiscal charges.

Reduction of agricultural taxation burdens.

Increase in workers' wages and general rise in standard of living dealt with through an office for national renovation, with a wage-dispute settlement board.

Liquidation of decadent businesses and creation of new ones.

Reform of the floundering bank system was the spearhead of the attack. Hear the influential Paul Crokaert: "May our banking system abandon its megalomania, its ogrish appetite and habit of intervening, touching everything. May it cease to enslave producers and production. May it no longer incite inflationary credits in boom times. Let it no longer contrive inordinate and dictatorial concentrations. Let it be decentralised. Let our banking system specialise. Let it lessen risks. Let it intelligently examine the capital question of exports. Let it above all humanise itself in getting closer to those who have recourse to it. Credit should be extended from a man to a man. It should have a personal and a social aspect—not be an anonymous and bureaucratic act. In the existing organic crisis we Belgians must modify the spirit of our economic relationships. Liberty, in a confident collaboration of all and under a voluntarily accepted discipline, must take the place of fierce individualism and pitiless competition, blind and without *merci*."

By way of "amen" to this, van Zeeland, speaking with all his banker's authority, was to add: "Banks operate not with the money of their shareholders but with that of their depositors. When banking directors commit faults, it is part of the national economy that is compromised. That alone suffices to invest the collectivity with the right to observe matters closely. The economic destiny of the country is linked with the normal functioning of the banks. It therefore becomes necessary to impose strict limitations on their activities."

How, I enquired, had the banks taken things, behaved?

Professor Baudhuin was precise. They had shown complete loyalty and were not suffering in consequence. Belgian credit had not been better for years. The instant success of the big conversion, in London, was proof. Had not *The Times* recently written: "The banking and commercial condition of Belgian shows itself to be entirely satisfactory?" My attention was further directed to the annual report of the Société Générale, published that very day. This dominant national concern made the beau geste of admitting recovery right and left in national affairs. One read "in the round, it must be conceded that experience has thus far fulfilled its authors' claims." The devalued franc had firmly held its own.

In the economic field there had been "a real improvement." Coal, heavy industry, shipping, tourism, electricity, textiles, glasswork, chemicals, foodstuffs, even diamonds, were all cited in support. A striking and unexpected expansion of the home market had been brought about. If exports had not been so brilliant, that was because of the condition of three of Belgium's four chief clients, France and Holland, each suffocated by gold standard, and Germany. The German situation was very bad. But the United Kingdom showed a 33 per cent. improvement.

There is nothing like quoting your would-be critic. The Société Générale concluded with the admission that if certain circles had had to make sacrifices, thanks to the general business recovery, compensation had been forthcoming.

One learnt that unemployment was 26 per cent. down, though the Socialist Minister of Labour, Henri de Man, thinks the figure to be nearer 40 per cent. owing to such considerations as wholesale French dismissals of *frontaliers;* Belgians working in France and returning home across the frontier each evening. M. de Man is the author of the plan bearing his name, which includes the following: nationalisation of credit, key industries, transport and communication, Government watch over (if not control of) private industries, comprehensive public works scheme, shorter working hours, cessation of child labour, raising of school-leaving age, minimum wages. De Man is a fine-looking and popular figure in the middle forties, and a former professor of Frankfurt, which city he left three years ago to help his native land. The next year or so should determine how much of his plan may find sanction.

One also learnt that the cost of living had gone up 12 per cent. against a devaluation of 28 per cent. plus a further 11 per cent. gained from the increased price of gold. In other words, Belgians were 39 per cent. "in" and 12 per cent. "out." Net gain: 27 per cent. So much for all the French nonsense of further devaluation bringing misery and ruin! Belgium had already devalued 86 per cent. since the war, prior to van Zeeland sharpening the knife. There is no excuse for France's continued self-mutilation, though there are copious racial explanations of it.

(Continued on page 472)

Guardian of the Mongolian Steppes

ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION: Erick-djen, Mongolia's Chief of Police, riding with his wife. He is very wealthy and his possessions include 10,000 sheep, 600 horses, and 1,000 camels

On left—TELEMA: Erick-djen's handsome wife with her pet pekingese and (*on right*) her sixteen-year-old servant girl Sendema. Both, it will be noted, wear extremely heavily padded clothes

For many years Erick-djen has had the task of policing the Mongolian steppes, and the Chamber of Commerce of Kweihua pays him more than 20,000 dollars a year to keep a large section of the trans-continental caravan route safe for travellers and to prevent the plunderings of bandits. He has not always been a guardian of law and order, however, for after leaving the Chinese Army when the monarchy gave place to the republic he lived in Mongolia, and, finding himself without means of subsistence, became a bandit chief, kidnapping rich traders for ransom, and taking toll of all who passed along the trails. His activities reduced many business men of China and Mongolia to despair, so they came to an understanding with Erick-djen, who agreed to turn policeman and safeguard their property for the very substantial sum enumerated above. From the day he first drew his salary he kept his word, and, seemingly, it has worked out to the advantage of both sides, for the merchants can now send out their caravans in the knowledge that they will reach their destination intact, while the Chief of Police is now a man of wealth and influence, his followers well disciplined and never questioning his authority

A ROUND-UP ON THE STEPPE: A herdsman separating wild horses, the property of one of the Mongolian princes

JAPAN LOOKS TOWARDS MONGOLIA

The Land of Jenghiz Khan becomes the Focal Point of the Far East and a Centre of International Rivalry

IF TIMBUCTOO is a word of distance and Mesopotamia a word of blessing, Mongolia is verbal mystery itself.

For close on a thousand years, Europe—nothing more than a peninsula to the main Asiatic mass—faced eastward. Anxiously. For out of the East would come without warning great waves of hard, leathery, grotesquely featured dwarfs on small tough horses, who rode circles round the mailed chivalry of Christendom and swept whole provinces bare as by a locust-storm. With the instant quickness of a rising gale, the plain would be brown from edge to edge with a seething multitude that ate up distance at a steady and ruthless six miles an hour, threescore miles a day; outstripping any warning; unshod hooves rustling, rustling like a carpet of bees; shaggy manes and tails on short stuggy bodies, the riders leather-cased and armed with wicked little arrows shot with deadly accuracy from small stiff bows. Christendom stood armed but helpless. On immense open frontiers, no man could tell where next the blow would fall.

And, in the end, Jenghiz Khan; he whose genius consolidated the almost infinite tribal subdivisions of heathen Mongolia. Before he died, his Empire stretched from the farthest confines of China to the heart of Europe, from the Arctic Circle to the Himalaya. His was the talent crowning centuries of sectional, spasmodic raid and invasion that had kept the world on tenter-hooks; Attila and his Huns; Ogdai, whose whirlwind path was one long orgy of senseless slaughter; Mangu; Kublai Khan, he of the stately pleasure-dome; Timur Leng of the distorted leg, whose crooked limb seems to have twisted his mind into strange shapes. And not till Vasco da Gama had found the sea route to India and the Far East, so turning the flank of the land-mass of Asia and arriving in its rear, did Europe, with a sigh of relief, turn its face westward to the voyages and discoveries that have made the world as we know it to-day.

The danger is past; nor can it ever come again. Wars are now a matter of machinery, of nation-wide economics and complicated organisation. Wars are won in the air, under the sea, in chemists' laboratories, in any way but by floods of irresistible humanity, however grim and ruthless. Picture such a horde; picture yourself suddenly viewing it across the plain; "Lummy, what a gift!"—and reaching for the machine-gun.

MAN AND BEAST: A close-up study of the head of the best type of heavy caravan camel (Mongol owned). The man in charge has a tan as dark as old wood, and wrinkles about the eyes from constant peering through wind, sun, and dust

It is difficult to think of that one man, Jenghiz, and not be led into superlatives and hyperbole; for wisdom and consolidation followed his almost incredible conquests, and he could plan, construct, and renew as royally as he destroyed. Difficult to believe in him, were it not that his nation threw up man after man in his succession, all but as great; men as gargantuan in peace as terrible in war. In the words of a noted Spanish Ambassador of the time, we have a well-drawn picture of Timur, of astonishing powers; who, at seventy years of age and after a lifetime packed with such activity as left him with a mangled leg and the kingdom of half the world, too old to walk or sit a horse, and partially blind, could yet hold his own in a day-long feast and drinking bout, and sit merrily crooning to himself among the packed cushions of his dais, over the wreckage of a feast whence his thousand guests had been carried helpless, distended with wine and meat. And then, very shortly after, to find cause of offence in the attitude of the Emperor of Cathay, distant four months of even the Mongol riding; and to set out clear-headed, calm, and most entirely adequate, carried, since he could no longer ride, at the head of his nation, to the annihilation of his enemy.

From the date of Vasco da Gama's voyage for 200 years the Mongol nation, lacking any other strong leader, disintegrated and slid back into its old tribal sub-divisions; its closest-knit body that immense relic of the Golden Horde that had swamped Russia, and absorbed by slow degrees into the Russian nation, has to-day left us the slant-eyed muddy-skinned Muscovite—as ruthless and efficient a barbarian as ever were his forebears.

Then arose Peter the Great, set on consolidating his semi-Oriental mixed heritage which men in those days knew as Russia. From the Caspian, through the Caucasus and Black Sea, the Carpathians, Poland, and the German-held provinces of the Baltic, the bounds of his kingdom were set. Eastward, only, all was fluid; its population shading off by imperceptible degrees from settled agriculture into the homeless, townless nomad tribes who drove their herds from pasture to pasture on the almost immeasurable steppes. Realising the ethnic impossibility of a border without settled population, he attempted to get on terms with jealously intractable tribes whom it was impossible to pin down to any natural boundary; who from end to end of their territory possessed not a single town, nor had any tribal organisation in which any one man, or class of men, could be held responsible for the actions of the remainder.

The farther he advanced, the more the tribes withdrew; or separating to give him a passage, closed in behind him. As well might a swimmer seek the end of the sea.

A GREAT NATURAL BARRIER: Virgin forest in the Khingan range (*see map on*
sents the limit of Japan's present inroads into the continent of Asia and is the
between the Mongolian steppe and the cultivated country stretching to the

Throughout his reign, and for a century and more thereafter, the slow advance towards an undiscoverable finality went forward; until, in the end, it found solid resting places at the foothills of the Himalaya, the borders of China, and the waters of the North Pacific. For sheer lack of an obstacle to stop it, and with no conceivable plan of Imperial conquest, Siberia, the greatest expanse of continuous flat and featureless land on the earth's surface, came into existence; and Russia at long last had found her final borders.

The corridor along which the great eastward move had drifted rather than marched, was that line of least resistance almost exactly marked to-day by the area cut through by the trans-Siberian railway. It bisected the Mongol tribes. Before many decades had passed, those to the North, more

"IF Japan ventures to attack the Mongolian People's Republic and seeks to destroy its independence we shall have to help that Republic. In my opinion there are two focal points of danger—one in the Far East, in the zone of Japan, and the other in Europe, in the zone of Germany. What I have in mind are numerous statements of Japanese military men containing threats against other Powers. It is difficult to say which is the more menacing war danger. They both exist and both are smouldering. Compared with either of these the Italo-Abyssinian war is an episode."

Stalin in an interview with the New York World Telegram

TRANS-ASIAN HIGHWAY: Camels on the famous Silk Route, which is little more than a yard wide but stretches right across the continent, and in ancient days was the first means of communication between the cities of Pekin and Byzantium, thus linking East and West. Though it is now still possible for a traveller to follow this trail throughout its length, meeting quite a number of convoys on the way, the traffic has dwindled to comparatively insignificant dimensions

the world's surface, and that which has least felt its effects, has been Mongolia. The tribes still roam its immense open stretches, pastoral, nomadic, and despising as an inferior race their Chinese neighbours whose nominal vassals they till recent years have been. For, in 1920, effective Chinese overlordship came to a sudden stop with the crushing Mongol victory over a Chinese army, near their capital of Urga; and Mongolia, in so far as one word could embrace a collection of independent princelings, became autonomous. Economic and political reasons threw the new independence into the arms of the Soviets, the inheritors of the Tsarist Siberian possessions, who completed the emancipation by the bribe that decreed all arrears of the immeasurably large indebtedness of the Mongol merchants and princes to the merchant houses of China, should, as "capitalist exploitation," be wiped, once and for all, off the slate.

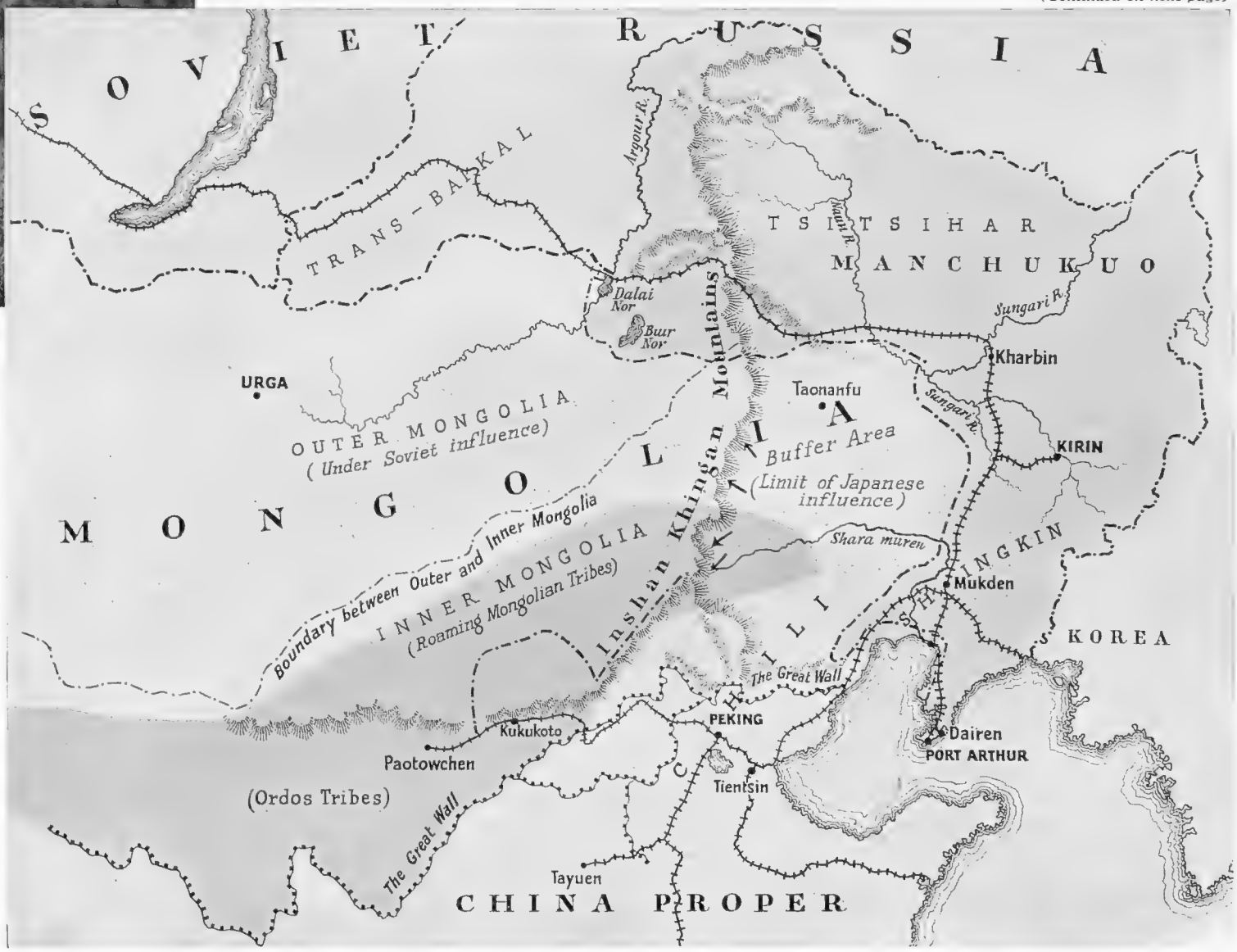
And here—the temptation is irresistible—we diverge from plain history to view a picturesqueness of economics possible only in Far Cathay. The Silk route and its 2,000 years packed with romance, with Marco Polo, with all that in the course of centuries has made possible a feast of art such as we see to-day at Burlington House, is no more than a background for the desert trade between Mongolia and China. For the whole of Inner Asia is seamed from East to West with a gridiron of trade-routes; the single-file caravan tracks studded with slow-pacing hairy two-humped camels; the long thin line, 8,000 miles long and 1 yard broad, that led, and still traceably leads, from Peking, past the end of the Great Wall,

(Continued on next page)

right), which repre-dividing line eastern seaboard.

sparse as the colder regions drew in, had ceased to be an anxiety; those to the South had consolidated into that pastoral Mongolia which, stretching southward to the Himalaya and eastward to China and the Manchu half-Mongols on its borders, we know to-day. As in the days of the early Emperors, the Great Wall is its main southward limit.

Vast as have been the world-wide changes following in the track of the Great War, possibly the greatest single area of



STORM CENTRE OF THE ORIENT: A sketch map showing the relation of neighbouring territories to Inner and Outer Mongolia which are being subjected to pressure from three nations; in the first place by Soviet Russia with its insidious Western influences, secondly by the inroads of poor Chinese farming folk (*area shown by grey tint on left*) and lastly by the Japanese who are attempting to develop a buffer State between Manchukuo and the Khingan range of mountains, thus rendering her new dominion on the mainland quite secure from attack

JAPAN'S INTEREST IN MONGOLIA

Creating a Buffer State in Asia

(Continued from page 447)

to Kashgar and on to Bokhara and Samarkand the Golden; thence by Persia and Georgia to Byzantium and the shores of Europe. Its numberless tributaries, along one at least of which, the Khyber, these eyes have seen the old stately caravans plod slowly; cheek by jowl with modernism, the new-driven railway through the Pass. Urga to Peking, Khabarovsk to Jehol; Kobdo, Uliassutai, Kweihwa, Kuchengtze; Kara Khoto, and the Gobi Desert.

Names, names without end; and yet marking routes that were old before the Romans drove a single road; before the great cities of the West were more than hut-built clearings in scrubby forests. Age-old trails snaking slowly across immense plains, from well to well, over tall passes, across great deserts; thin grooved lines dotted with the wayside bodies of those who had gone before, a muddle of plundered bones. Romance incarnate. And to-day? Lorries; box-body cars; four-wheel, six-wheel, caterpillar-tracked; Chrysler, Citroën, Chevrolet, Ford. Dozens of names. The camels will soon be off the road; for his leader grasps a spanner, the evening caravanserai has its petrol-dump and its rough repair-shop.

Inevitably, the Mongolia of 3,000 years has been crushed by post-war stresses into a Tom Tiddler's ground of warring interests. Following the slow, steady infiltration by the Lamaist Buddhism that undermined its warrior spirit, the baleful importation of Western ailments has sapped its virility. From end to end of the Siberian railway, and for many miles north and south of it, you shall find no man or woman purely Russian or clear Mongol. Race-mixture, drink, disease, the lamentable degeneration goes on. In the south, the new rulers of China, restless with white men's text-book remedies for national ills, have sought to solve the terrific overcrowding and poverty of their country by promoting a systematic emigration. Vast numbers of Chinese low-grade families are sent north, and Inner Mongolia is steadily being absorbed by an annual ever-advancing ten-mile-deep belt of Chinese farmers. These, by the infinite meticulous labour of which only the Chinaman is capable, open up the prairies. The Mongols, hating the new arrivals who eat up the grazing lands, crowd out the game herds, have social habits little above those of animals and are in every way despicable neighbours, withdraw before them. Restless, not halting till they have put a broad belt of empty land between themselves and the invaders, a belt itself to vanish the following year—and again and again, as the irresistible tide flows forward and crowds them ever more into the farther lands already fully occupied by the established flocks and herds. Aristocrats to the finger-tips, the inflowing waste of Chinese canaille is more than they can endure.

In the north the Soviet pressure, if more insidious, is none the less effective. Arms, subsidies, propaganda; the winning-over of chieftains, the undermining of the simple people with Western wants, clothing, new foods, and the inevitable consequent indebtedness of a nation of warriors knowing nothing of the ways and tricks of money; everything but open force is used.

Eastward, we come to a far different state of affairs.

The Japanese, in addition to the Manchurian enterprise are credited with an ambition to develop the vast plain of Outer Mongolia—its shepherds and herdsmen skilled with an heredity stretching back to pre-history.

Movement there is, towards Mongolia, but the object is the consolidation of existing gains rather than the acquisition of new.

No commander of a fortress can afford to have an enemy in undisturbed possession of ground right up to his walls. His borders may be fixed, but he needs around him room to breathe.

Step by step and move by move, the Japanese problem in Manchuria has followed the rules of strategy. The traditional northward frontier of China is also the southern limit of old Manchuria. The Japanese have advanced to the Great Wall, and have fixed their boundary. Thence, penetrating to the lands about Peking, they have created a southward no-man's-land as glacis to the Wall. Not they, to adventure, as some will tell us, an Empire to include all traditional North China, and forced in the end to stop short nowhere north of the Yangtse. The Wall is safe, with an empty belt beyond it; and that is all they ask.

Eastward, the sea. Northward, they hold Manchuria as far as the Amur, beyond which lie the Arctic tundras, empty and therefore safe. Westward, they have drawn a north and south line through the length of the Khingan Range, a magnificent natural barrier and mountain frontier. Here they have established, and by guarantee of perpetual independence secured to their cause, these mi-nomadic Mongols of Eastern Manchuria; sufficiently Manchu to take kindly to soil-anchorage and abandon their former pastoral and nomad habits. The western boundary is set.

Those of us who study neither history nor the principles of strategy would tax the Japanese with unlimited ambition—that of overlordship over all Inner Asia. For, to-day, they are moving steadily westward beyond the Khingan; but are, in fact, no more than seeking to acquire such power over the outer nomads as shall provide a sure glacis to the mountain barrier.

Clashes occur; are bound to occur. Russia, whether Tsarist or Soviet, would not be Russia were it to allow its hereditary enemy the undisputed working of a necessary and obvious precaution. The Mongol tribes under Russian influence are stirred-up to resist. And not till the slow, silent, persistent effort so typical of everything that Japan does, has accomplished its object, will we cease to hear of border squabbles, of trickery, chicanery, catspaw-work and everything short of open large-scale war.

"Mauser"

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT WALL: Troops of the Imperial Japanese army guarding one of the gateways to Manchuria from the security of a sandbag parapet

LINES OF DEFENCE: Japanese troops ensconced beneath an armoured railway car in anticipation of an attack by Chinese troops

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN TOKYO

The Cause of the Abortive Coup

With the appointment last week of a new Cabinet under the leadership of Mr. Hirota, the Japanese crisis has come to an end. Its solution caused as much surprise as relief. Mr. Hirota is perhaps the most statesmanlike of Japanese politicians and his ministry is definitely moderate in complexion. It would seem, therefore, that the military extremists who staged the *coup* in Tokyo have received a set-back. This result is all the more welcome inasmuch as the delay in forming a Government and the leniency shown the rebels gave rise to the suspicion that they had partly achieved their object, and that henceforth Japan was to be ruled by its Army.

Satisfactory as is the outcome, however, it is still too early to indulge in optimism. It remains to be seen whether the recent ebullition is permanently suppressed or only temporarily squashed. In the week that has elapsed since the *coup*, its deeper causes have become clearer each day. World-wide horror at a series of cold-blooded murders blinded people at first to their true significance, The rising was seen as but another gesture by the small sect of military fanatics, whose record of political crime has grown so alarmingly in the last few years, But it is now evident that it was something more serious than that. An expression of discontent not only with the policy of the late Government, but also with the fundamental basis of society, the event is a symptom and a portent, whose fulfilment may mark a turning point in the development of modern Japan.

The actual incidents in the revolt many be recapitulated quite briefly. Early in the morning of Wednesday, February 26, detachments of the First Infantry Regiment, led by a group of junior officers, left their barracks and proceeded to occupy various positions in the city, including the official residence of the Prime Minister, whom they intended to assassinate. They failed to do so, shooting his brother-in-law by mistake, while Admiral Okada hid in a cupboard in the kitchen, from which he afterwards escaped to take refuge with the Emperor.

Other detachments visited the residences of Viscount Saito, the Lord Privy Seal, of Mr. Takahashi, the Minister of Finance, and of General Watanabe, Inspector General of Military Education, all of whom were killed or mortally wounded. A number of other persons, which one report put at eighty, were shot while trying to defend the chief victims.

The Government at once proclaimed martial law, appointed a new military governor of Tokyo to restore order, and ordered squadrons of the fleet to proceed to Tokyo and Okada Bays. The Imperial Guard co-operated with the police in patrolling the streets, and by the evening it was announced that the capital was quiet. The rebels nevertheless remained in possession of public buildings, from which no attempt to dislodge them appears to have been made.

This partial acquiescence, as it seemed, in their action became increasingly ominous in the days immediately following. Instead of sending an ultimatum to evacuate, the authorities embarked on a lengthy parley with the insurgents, whose condition for surrendering was the formation of a government to their own taste. Finally, after three days of uncertainty, an appeal addressed from the Emperor to the rank and file, and dropped in the form of pamphlets from aeroplanes, induced the mutineers to forsake their officers and return to barracks. The leaders in consequence had no option but to follow. The chief of them, Captain Shira Nonaka, has since been permitted to commit suicide, in accordance with Japanese tradition.

Such is the bald account of the rising. It is not on the event itself, however, but on its consequences that interest now centres. There is ample evidence, if only in the handling of the affair, and in the anxiety shown to placate the rebels, that their cause, if not their methods, has powerful sympathies. What the effect will be on Japan and on her relations with the rest of the world, are the questions many people are asking.

Before trying to answer them, it is essential to seek for the profound cause of a movement, of which the present is only the latest if the most spectacular manifestation. The success of the Liberal parties in the recent election, the passions aroused by the trial of the assassin General Nagato, the checks suffered by the militarists in North China and Outer Mongolia, are some of the reasons currently advanced for the *coup*. These, however, are only the immediate pretexts. For the real motive it is necessary to look further and deeper.

In the first place it is a mistake to see in the doctrine of the young officers nothing but an extreme military aggressiveness. Admittedly there is a belief in the need for Japanese expansion, which for the Army means domination of Asia at all events; but that belief is shared by the whole of the community and the only differences lie in the degrees to which it is carried. What distinguishes the extremists from other sections is their social theory; for this cuts at the very root of the political and economic system on which the advance of Japan has hitherto been founded.

Like the German Nazis, in fact, and the Italian Fascisti, there is an element of Socialism in the ideas of the young officers, many of whom are drawn from the impoverished farmer class. They would like to destroy the capitalist and the corrupt politics which serve him, and restore the ancient feudalism in which the Emperor ruled supreme as the Son of Heaven, and the army was his chosen instrument of government.

In these ideas there is much confused thinking and much personal bitterness; but there is also a genuine aspiration. On Tuesday last the papers reported that a loyal lieutenant of the Imperial Guard, overcome with grief and shame at the outrages committed by fellow officers, had committed *seppuka* (ceremonial suicide by shooting, the modern version of *hara-kiri*), and that his wife had followed his example. A country where this can happen—and there is no other, probably, in the world—is capable of anything.

G. M.

IN PURSUIT of the ARCTIC NOMAD

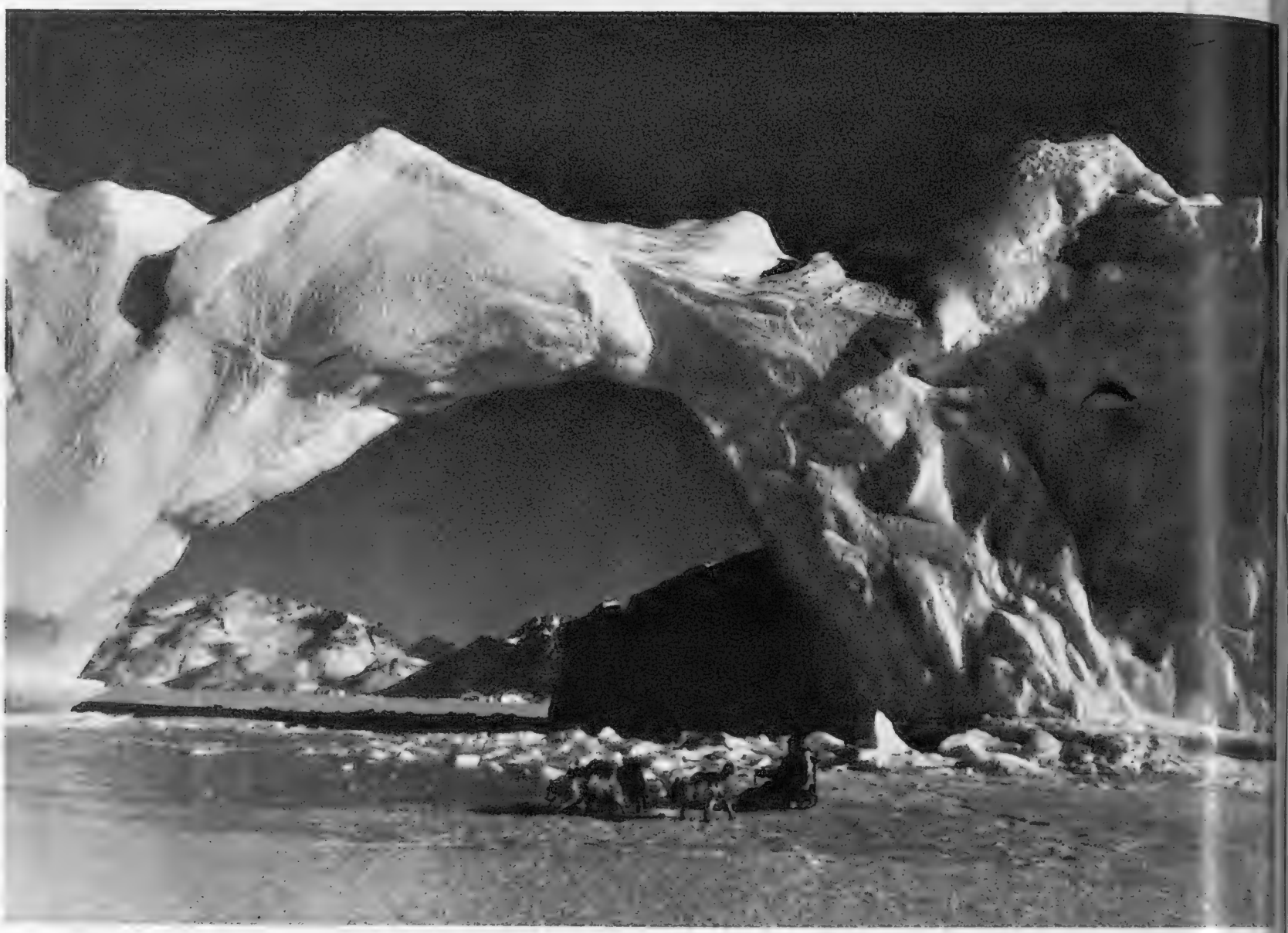
A Camera Record of a Recent French Expedition to Eastern and Western Greenland

ESKIMO GIRLS OF ANGMAGSSALIK: A sturdy trio in their home-made costumes, with striking, flowing collars of coloured beads and elaborately embellished top boots. A picture taken during the French scientific expedition to Greenland which set out in July 1934 under the leadership of M. Paul Emile Victor and during its stay of over a year was engaged in anthropological, ethnographical, geographical, and geological research, and obtained many fine camera studies of the people

On left—STILL WATERS OF THE NORTHERN SEAS: An Eskimo paddling his kayak near the great walls of an iceberg

(On the following pages further pictures are reproduced relating to this Expedition)

In Pursuit of the Arctic Nomad: The Recent French Expedition to Greenland



ON THE FRINGE OF THE ARCTIC: A member of the French expedition which arrived in Greenland in the summer of 1934 driving his sledge in the shadow of a giant and grotesque ice formation. It is a point of considerable interest that when Mr. Martin Lindsay, the English explorer, returned to Angmagssalik after crossing the ice cap he met the Frenchmen and presented them with his team of dogs—a gesture of friendliness that caused great satisfaction in Paris

EN FAMILLE: Interior of a winter home showing a mother bathing her child

The total population of the Eskimo tribes is probably less than 50,000, and yet they are to be found in various degrees of settlement along the whole 12,000 miles of barren and forbidding shore which stretches from the Bering Sea right across Arctic America to the east coast of Greenland. "To the unscientific mind," says a contemporary writer in *The Times* Literary Supplement, "these widely dispersed nomads seem to be of the same family, for they have within wide limits common racial characteristics, a common language, a common hunting economy, and a common mental outlook. It is easy to build up from travellers' tales a legend of the Eskimo which shows at one end of the scale a gluttonous savage of unclean habits and murderous

(Continued on right)

ON BOARD THE "POURQUOI PAS": An Eskimo woman, with her child slung across her back in the characteristic fashion of the country, pictured on the deck of the expedition's vessel in a Greenland port

SUMMER QUARTERS: A tents during the milder

(Continued from left)

tendencies and at the other Actually the Eskimo is most of his fellow men he of life, however, is an almost and it is this ability to live makes him an object of such him. During their stay in much of the language of the the people. Altogether they 3,300 objects of ethnographical

AN ESKIMO OF THE EAST COAST: A handsome Greenlander with three of the expedition's dogs. It was the study of the natives that occupied much of the visitors' time

colony of Eskimos on the shores of a lake, where they live in part of the year. *On right*—Sledge dogs dozing in the sun

a noble primitive, an exponent of communism and peace." neither a monster nor a creature of ideal innocence; like has outstanding qualities for good and grave faults. His way perfect adjustment to the fierce pressure of his surroundings, unsupported on the desolate shores of the Polar Sea that special interest to people of other lands who come to visit Greenland the members of the French expedition learned country, and were thus able to enter freely into the life of visited twenty-two settlements and brought back with them interest, including sixty gramophone records of native songs

TRAINING BOYS for the NAVY

Special "Sphere" Pictures taken on "Warspite"

KEEPING THEIR EYES ON THE BOARD: The ordinary education of the lads, with a special view to their future employment, is carried on in the class-rooms below decks and demands close attention in spite of the counter fascination of the endless stream of shipping passing close alongside

In the Navy's present anxiety to get just the right type of boy for the new ships which are being built, and to convert him into an efficient man-of-warsman as quickly as possible, the various training ships are doing work that is beyond all praise, for they are taking the boy of good character and giving him a preliminary training which fits him admirably for the intensive work at the naval establishments at Shotley or Gosport. During the year or so

(Continued below on right)

LOOKING AFT FROM THE BRIDGE: Thames off Grays, Essex, showing seniors at divisions on board a ma

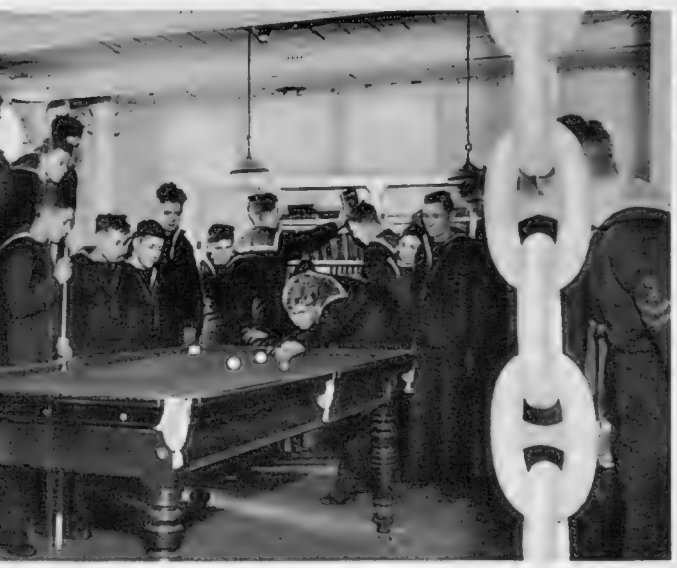
WOULD-BE LINDRUMS: Billiards is perf library, seen in

DINNER TIME: The new boys who have just arrived on board find the meals, served piping hot from the big galley in the middle of the mess deck, just to their taste after a strenuous morning at preliminary training, and the old hand who serves as general guide and "cook of the mess"—without doing any cooking—knows just what sized portions he is expected to serve when it comes to the plum duff with lots of plums. The food is excellent and plentiful, the authorities recognising the importance of sound nourishment

which he spends in the training ship H thorough grounding of naval ways and so that when he is drafted into the proper he is already well prepared, assimilate the instruction very much mor and thoroughly than the boy who is straight from home. Also, and it is a v advantage, he has had a foretaste of n and discipline, so that if he does not li he has the chance of finding another before he pledges himself irrevocably, avoids the chance of becoming one of gruntled bluejackets who can do infini to the spirit of a mess, or even a "H (King's Hard Bargain).

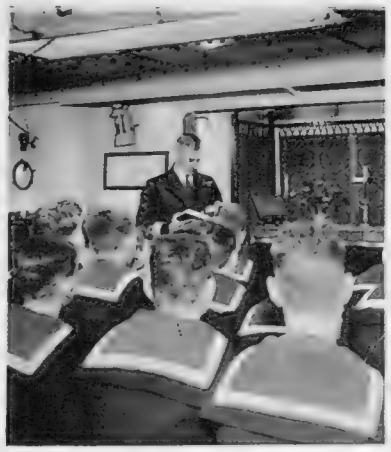
In this work the training ship W moored in the Thames off Grays, E

RIDGE: A scene on the deck of *Warspite*, which is moored in the showing in the background the boys drawn up as smartly as their rd a man o' war. They are waiting to be told off to their various jobs



is perhaps the most popular pastime for the leisure hours, but the seen in the background, is also well patronised

AT THE HELM: By means of this ingenious contrivance the budding quartermaster finds that it is not so difficult to steer a straight course as long as he does not let his attention wander, and keeps an eye on the compass card. You can depend, however, that all his messmates are quite sure they can do as well when it comes to their turn



THE SHIP'S CHAPEL: The Captain Superintendent taking prayers before the boys turn in for the night. *Warspite* also has a chaplain

HANDLING "WARSPITE'S" STORES: Senior boys demonstrating to the juniors the seemingly complicated art of knot-tying when dealing with barrels of provisions

William Davis

ORDERLY TO THE CAPTAIN SUPERINTENDENT, as he transacts the ship's business in his after-cabin, is a responsible job very much sought after by the boys who know that smartness and intelligence shown in it may lead to very good chances of promotion when they get to sea and already know the ropes. *Warspite* has sent hosts of fine lads both to the Navy and the Merchant Service

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ship *Warspite*,
rays, Essex, is maintaining a foremost position as befits the premier training ship in the country. She belongs to, and is maintained by, the Marine Society which was founded in 1756 by Jonas Hanway, one of the great characters in the eighteenth-century mercantile world. He invented the umbrella and started the crusade against boy chimney sweeps, but it is with the Marine Society that his name is most usually associated. In his day the fleet was manned very largely by the press gang and the mortality among the men who went to sea for an indefinite voyage with no more clothing than they were wearing when they were taken was terrible. Hanway's very practical idea was to raise a fund to give these men a reasonable kit, which not only reduced their hardships but gave

(Continued on page 472)

"A DUTCH YACHT AND OTHER SHIPPING IN A BREEZE": A notable work by Hendrik Rietschoof from the collection of Captain Bruce S. Ingram, on view at the Loan Exhibition of Drawings by Masters of Maritime Art which opened on Thursday of this week at the galleries of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and is being held in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. This particular drawing shows the type of yacht in use in Holland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in many ways it is not unlike the craft presented by the Dutch to Charles II on his assumption of the English throne. It was the first of the King's yachts, though the monarch, who had a great love of the sea, caused many others to be built. The artist was born about 1687 and died in 1746

"THE BLOCKADE OF BREST," BY J. T. SERRES: Scouting vessels keeping a close watch on the French Fleet bottled up by the British Fleet under Admiral Cornwallis

NAVAL DRAWINGS

At the Loan Exhibition by Masters of Maritime Art Held at the Colnaghi Galleries in Aid of King George's Fund for Sailors

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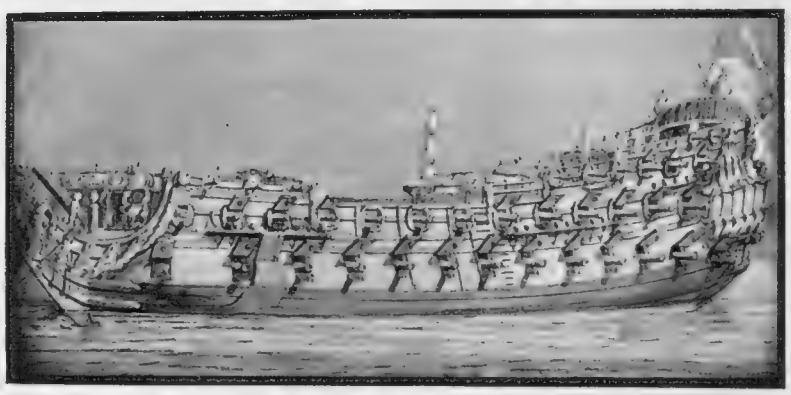


THE HULL OF THE MAN O' WAR, "GRAFTON." BY W. VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER: A characteristic drawing by the great Dutch marine artist of a vessel named after the Duke of Grafton, natural son of Charles II, and in which Pepys, one of the clerks of the Privy Seal, journeyed to Africa in pursuance of his duties as a commissioner for managing the affairs of Tangier

"DUTCH WARSHIPS AND SMALL CRAFT IN A STRONG BREEZE": Another fine drawing from Captain Bruce Ingram's collection. A seascape by A. Willaerts (1577 *circa*—1662)—a native of Antwerp who settled in 1600 at Utrecht where he was made Dean of the Painters' Guild. He is well represented in many galleries

AT CLOSE QUARTERS: Captain William Bligh (of *Bounty* fame) in the *Director* attacking the *Vryheid* (flagship of Admiral de Winter) at the battle of Camperdown, in which Admiral Duncan defeated the Dutch in 1797. This was some eight years after Bligh's ordeal in the Pacific when his crew mutinied

ART OF THE LATE ARTHUR WATTS

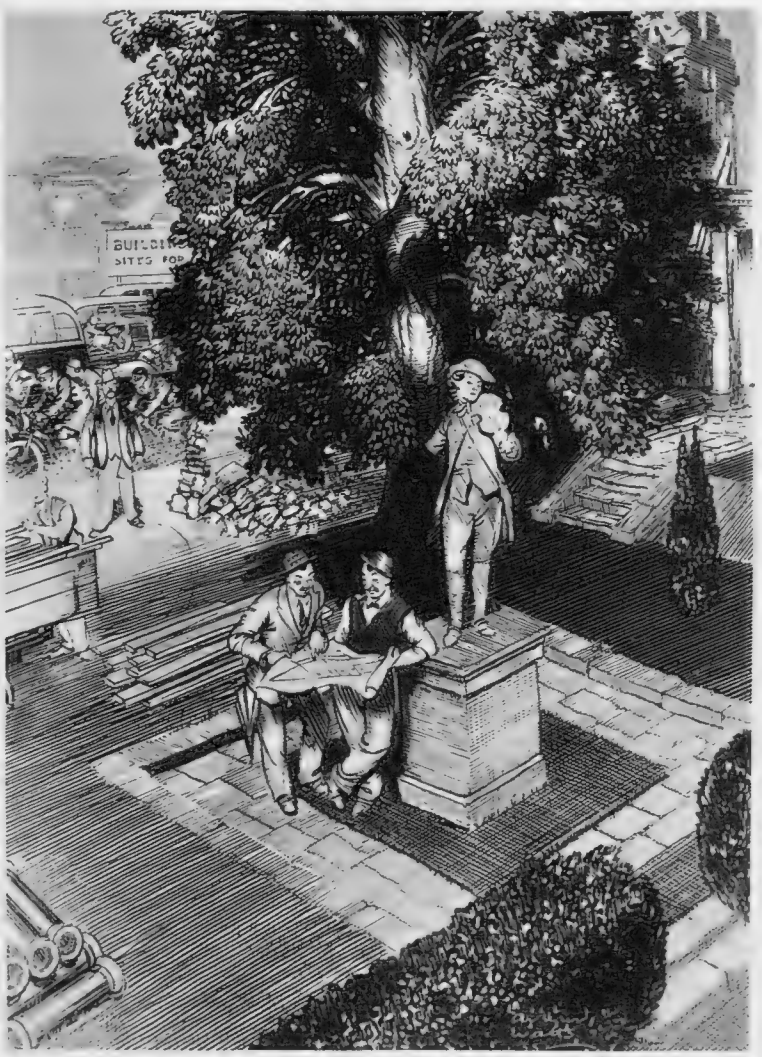
A Memorial Exhibition in New Bond Street

"Smithers speaking, sir. The kitchen boiler is giving trouble"

Two examples of the humorous black and white drawings by the late Arthur Watts now being shown at a memorial exhibition of his work held at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. Watts, who was widely known for his contributions to *Punch* and other leading periodicals, was born at Chatham in 1883, and studied art in Paris and at the Slade School, London. He served throughout the great war, winning the D.S.O. for gallantry during the Zeebrugge raid, and his death was the result of an air disaster in Switzerland last July, a profound shock to his hosts of friends and admirers

CONSTABLE'S HADLEIGH CASTLE

A Famous Work Now in the National Gallery



"Progress"—a characteristic contribution to Punch

AN ACQUISITION AND A POSSIBLE LOSS FOR THE NATION: The director of the National Gallery is to be congratulated on having secured this masterpiece by Constable, a view of Hadleigh Castle and the mouth of the Thames, which was painted in the year that the artist became a full R.A., and represents his constructive powers at their very best. The canvas measures 47½ ins. by 65 ins., and now has a prominent place in Room XXII. Interestingly enough the scene portrayed remains exactly as Constable saw it in 1829, except that the railway to-day stretches away on the flat seaward side. Hadleigh Castle, in fact, at present lies in a narrow two-mile stretch of unspoilt country of quite unique character which, unfortunately, is now in grave danger. The facts of the case were made plain last month in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* by Alan Sorrell, who pointed out that some of the surrounding land was threatened with being completely spoilt by "development" as factory sites. "Leigh-on-Sea," he said, "is spreading towards the castle from the east, while from the west Benfleet is approaching too. A road is being built parallel to the railway from Leigh. I suggest that the preservation of this area is worthy the attention of the societies interested in the conservation of what remains of the unspoilt English countryside"

TECHNIQUE ON THE ICE : Skating Attitudes Caught by the Camera

GLIDING, LEAPING, AND PIROUETTING IN THE CENTRE OF THE CONVERGING SPOTLIGHTS : Twelve-year-old Miss Jepson-Turner, who was sixteenth in the women's Olympic figure skating championships at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria, giving an exhibition during a recent gala night at the popular Ice Club at Westminster. A great future is predicted for her, and in a few seasons she may well prove a serious rival to Miss Cecilia Colledge who is three years her senior and is at present Britain's No. 1 performer. To record the movements of an expert skater is no easy matter ; very special equipment and skill are required, and here Mr. Lancelot Vining, A.R.P.S., has demonstrated how he has overcome the various actinic difficulties

On Right — "IN THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE": A picturesque moment in the Mendelssohn ballet so successfully presented at the Ice Club, Westminster

Above and on right—A TALENTED PAIR : The camera records the graceful movements and the tremendous speed of Miss Maribel Vinson and Mr. George Hill, who hold the title of pair-skating champions of North America, and whose technique in some branches of figure work is well-nigh faultless

Mainly MECHANICAL

A Page of Engineering Interest

THE "ROBOT" NAVVY: This remarkable machine, which can excavate about 1,000 yds. of trench per day, is being used on the twenty-mile stretch of road between Lincoln and Gainsborough where engineers of the G.P.O. are engaged in removing the overhead wires and laying them underground, thus eliminating the somewhat unsightly telegraph poles. It is a point of interest that approximately ninety per cent. of the Post Office cables are now hidden from sight

DEVELOPMENTS IN THE PORT OF LONDON: Quay widening operations in progress on the south side of the Royal Victoria Docks where an elaborate improvement scheme is being carried out, which includes the deepening of the channel to allow of accommodation for the greatly increased number of deep draught vessels now entering and leaving the port. Altogether £1,750,000 is being spent, while a further large sum has been allocated for modernising the approach roads from the city

INDUSTRIAL ARMOUR: This man has one of the hottest jobs imaginable. He is known as a "shingler" and works in the rolling mills of the Great Western Railway at Swindon where the ancient art of hammering white-hot iron is still practised fairly extensively. He wears a large gauze face-guard, a white smock, a leather apron, and is shod with iron boots, while he uses his huge pair of forceps to turn the "billets" of iron under the drop forge

PITY THE REVENTLOWS!

A Couple Whose Every Action is Subjected to the Merciless Probings of the Press

By CHARLES GRAVES

MECCA OF THE NEWS-HAWKS: Reporters enquiring after Countess Reventlow at her house in Hyde Park Gardens where she was gravely ill following the birth of her child

FROM my letter bag it is perfectly evident that readers of THE SPHERE are well-to-do, worldly, and sympathetic; nevertheless, it seems high time that someone should emphasise in public how little the Haugwitz-Reventlows need to be envied. Wherever they go they attract almost as much attention as royalty, and yet they have none of the privacy which royalties enjoy outside their public appearances. Certain ill-informed and ill-mannered people suggest that the former Miss Barbara Hutton has thoroughly enjoyed the limelight that has been shed upon her. If tackled on the subject they will even go so far as to say that it is good business for Woolworths because whenever her name is mentioned the public naturally thinks of the threepenny and sixpenny stores. This is quite exceedingly unfair.

As her father, Franklyn Hutton, said to me, "I have brought up my daughter with the object of trying to make her forget her money. It was after her mother's and her grandfather's death that the American newspapers announced that she was the richest girl in the world and proceeded to 'slam' her. That she is the richest girl in the world is absolute hooey; there are many other very rich girls in America alone. The newspapers in America were largely responsible for the failure of her first marriage. It was the newspapers which compelled her to have her baby here in London and are preventing her from returning for at least a year."

Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow herself has told me on many occasions how trying it is for her to live in America. If she walks down the street someone will recognise her and a mob of people will follow her. "It is quite terrifying," she will tell you.

If she is recognised in a cinema or theatre it takes the police to clear a way for her. When she first corresponded with her present husband it was necessary for them to send their letters addressed respectively to his foreman's niece and to her maid's brother. Even this device did not secure them any privacy. When Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow sailed on the *Bremen* to New York shortly before the divorce of Prince Alexis Mdivani and the then Princess, he had to do so under an assumed name. Scarcely had he got on board when a wireless message reached him from a group of American newspapers more or less threatening him to explain why he was on his way to America and whether he intended to marry Princess Mdivani.

He was met by seventy-eight reporters and photographers, although he had sent back no message to New York. Having eluded them up to a point he was hounded all over New York by the reporters. Ultimately he managed to give them the slip by pretending to fly to Reno. Instead he went by train and felt, "like Al Capone," that his fellow passengers were all staring at him. Finally, in order to escape, he had to pull the communication cord of the train eighteen miles out of his destination. Even then at the local cinema that night there was a newsreel showing him jumping off the train and being whisked away in a fast car.

For the next two or three days, unknown to him and his future wife, a photographer perched in a tree 100 yards away, and took photographs of him in his garden with the most powerful telescopic lens in the United States. The resulting photographs in the newspapers looked exactly like close-ups. Even in his native Denmark he was not safe, and nor was his wife when they were there on their honeymoon. They would be dining by themselves in a distant corner of a restaurant, the swing doors of which had been tied together with a napkin to prevent intrusion. On at least one occasion a photographer sent all the way from Berlin to Denmark for the sole purpose of photographing them, cut the napkin and took a flashlight photograph of them. Not that this photograph ever saw the light of day. The Count was too quick.

Wherever the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow has travelled, except in England, she has always been persecuted by interviewers and reporters from Australia to China and back again. Even with her friends she is not always safe. Two years ago she had privately printed a slim volume of poems. One of these she gave to a friend in China as a personal memento. It was on the very next boat to New York where it found a rapid reproduction in the newspapers. Those of her friends who are known to receive her confidences feel the effect of this friendship. I myself have been rung up at four o'clock in the morning on more than one occasion by a reporter desperate to secure information.

TÊTE-A-TÊTE: Count and Countess Reventlow pictured at a San Francisco hotel on their wedding day

IN SMILING MOOD: Another study of the Count and Countess in San Francisco

Even before the Countess's operation it was evident that the newspapers and particularly the American news-agencies would be exerting themselves to the full to secure all possible information.

In consequence the Count Haugwitz-Reventlow asked me almost in despair what advice I could give him—"I absolutely understand that it is the newspapers' legitimate business to write up information about Barbara if they think that she is sufficiently interesting to write about," he said. "On the one hand I do not want to be rude to them and refuse to give out any information. On the other hand, it is not as though we were royalty and I do not want us to look so conceited that we feel we should issue bulletins."

My advice to him was to meet the editor-in-chief of a world-famous news-agency and ask him out of the kindness of his heart to undertake the dissemination of the news about the imminent arrival of the baby so that no reporter should secure a "scoop," and upset the rest of the world's press.

He took my advice and thus saved himself any animosity from any section of the press. At the same time he was bombarded with requests for information from all sides. One of the reporters was enterprising enough to send a uniformed attendant from a neighbouring hotel to act as his go-between—I am afraid, however, without success.

Let me say at this stage that even if I were not a newspaper man myself I am sure I would appreciate that the efforts on the part of the reporters to secure information about Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow are entirely understandable in their attempts to overcome the reticence and desire for privacy of the Haugwitz-Reventlows.

For the law of compensation is universal. If you are exceedingly rich there must be certain disadvantages. Great wealth means that you are likely to be conspicuous. If, on top of that, you are as outstandingly beautiful as the former Barbara Hutton there is an added glamour and consequent news interest in you. It may also be argued that by now the Haugwitz-Reventlows have become more or less acclimatised to the highly complimentary but nevertheless exhausting curiosity on the part of the public as evidenced through the newspapers. That the Countess is referred to as "Barbara" or even as "Babs" (a nickname which none of her friends has ever given her) just as if she were an actress or a film star, may also be considered a compliment.

In the last few days it must have been absolute hell for Count Haugwitz-Reventlow. The anguish of knowing how desperately ill was his young wife was increased by the persistent siege by foreign newspapermen of No. 2, Hyde Park Gardens. The telephone never stopped ringing from six in the morning until dawn next day. Reporters, agency men and the free lances, photographers and movie-cameramen assembled in their dozens.

At the same time any of you who are not actually on the stage or the screen and, in fact, are private citizens, might feel a trifle aggrieved with such intimacy.

Considering everything, it seems to me that the Reventlows have behaved with extreme good nature and courtesy. So indeed have all the English newspaper reporters and photographers. There have been, however, one or two exceptions. These have been free lances who have behaved worse than any hard-boiled crime reporters on an American tabloid.

FOR EVER IN THE NEWS: A more serious portrait of the charming young heiress who ever since she came of age has had to endure the full glare of publicity

Count Haugwitz-Reventlow showed me a whole dossier of letters written by one of these gentlemen. You can scarcely believe that an Englishman could behave in such a way, however anxious he might be for the 25 guineas or so which he would have received if his quest for exclusive news or exclusive photographs had been successful.

That brings me to a final point. All the publicity attaching to the suggestion that the former Barbara Hutton is the richest girl in the world has resulted in an appalling letter bag containing the most piteous and also the most brazen appeals for money. There have also been numbers of positively insulting letters. These, however, have been in part made up for by many others from total strangers expressing the nicest sentiments. Many of these come from people with little or no money. This, however, has not meant that they have asked for any assistance.

All the same, I am very glad personally that I and my wife are not the Reventlows. It must be very difficult to remain unspoiled.

MORNING STAR OF FLOWERS AND HARBINGER OF SPRING

Snowdrops in a copse near Elmstead Church, Essex—a delightful camera study by Douglas Went

ART OF THE HEDGER: A Cumberland farmer relaying holly on a dyke bank, as it had become leggy at the base, thus leaving room for stock to creep through. When kept in good order it makes a splendidly close and handsome hedge, but it is not so easy to work with as the more pliable thorn, ash, or hazel saplings, being a close-grained and rather brittle wood. Much ingenuity is needed to lay the branches so that the young shoots may have the best opportunity for growth

THE SEVEN BELLS OF UFFORD CHURCH, SUFFOLK, being loaded up for removal to a foundry where they are now being recast preparatory to being rehung on steel frames in place of the oak timbers (seen towards left) which have done service for so long that they are not fit for use. The bell nearest the camera was made by Daws of London and dates from the latter part of the 14th century. Ufford is also famous for its beautifully carved 13th-century font cover

DRAMA AND FILMS OF

A FRENCH IMPORTATION AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Solange (Ann Todd) the hard and sophisticated daughter of an arrogant mother, and her suitor, Thierry Keller (Robert Harris) in an episode from H. M. Harwood's translation of Henry Bernstein's play, *Promise*. *On right*—Another study of Ann Todd in the striking and startlingly full skirt she wears in one of the scenes

THE DOMINATING PARENT: Therese Delbar (Madge Titheradge), the mother, and Catherine (Edna Best), her self-sacrificing elder child, in another dramatic moment from *Promise*, now at the Shaftesbury

"NOW HERCULES BE THY SPEED, YOUNG MAN": Orlando (Laurence Olivier) wrestling with the mighty Charles (Lionel Brahm) in the presence of Duke Frederick and the ladies of the Court—one of the opening episodes in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, *As You Like It*, which has recently been completed at Elstree at a cost of about £100,000. Elisabeth Bergner who plays the part of Rosalind is seen in a black dress towards the foot of the steps on the left

OF the making of war plays there seems to be no more prospect of an end than of the making of war itself. I would not call Mr. James Lansdale Hodson's *Red Night*, which marks Mr. Robert Donat's debut as an actor-manager at the Queen's Theatre, a minor engagement, in the theatrical sense, so much as a repetition of familiar manœuvres.

The reaction of spectators to such plays as this—plays of blood and horror and terror and sordid filth, with irony, good humour and, above all, good fellowship as the leaven—is at least as interesting as the happenings on the stage. It is singularly varied. One young female thing (technically known, I believe, as a social "lovely"), informed me in the first interval, what time she ran a moistened finger over plucked eyebrows, and dabbed powder on that which concealed her skin, that "war wasn't a bit like that, and as there isn't going to be another war anyway, why worry?" That she was a few months old when the Armistice came, and vaunted certain knowledge not claimed by the most optimistic statesmen were other points that did not worry her.

Middle-aged males who knew by experience that the war *was* very like that said rather less than other middle-aged males who held the same view through the evidence of others. Another section suggested loudly that the more we see of war on the stage the less likely we are to see it in real life—a comfortable doctrine I wish that I could swallow. The direction of the modern world would indeed be simple if it could be determined by what is taking place in the theatres.

The cynics, pessimists, realists — call them what you will—were of opinion that since war is inevitable in the very near future, "it won't do any harm for the 1936 vintage to see what it is like."

From which it may be deduced that *Red Night* furnishes food for thought. Whether it will furnish Mr. Donat sufficient compensation of the more tangible type for having interrupted a profitable film career, remains to be seen. I cannot avoid the comparison with *Journey's End*, a play of precisely similar type, but a finer play because a more economical play in its methods.

Practically all we saw of the war in *Journey's End* was the history of one dug-out. Admirable though Mr. Miles Malleson's production is, the dangers of the parapet, sniping, bursting "minnies," and the rest of it, were more vivid in Mr. Sherriff's play, just because we did not see them but felt the tragedy of them lurking a few yards away. Obviously it is ludicrous to suggest that all war plays should take place in a dug-out just because one very successful one did. My point is that Mr. Hodson, using a wider canvas than Mr. Sherriff has, in spite of it, written a play that is more static, a play which for at least one act and a half never attempted to be anything but static.

Mr. Donat plays, nobly yet not too heroically, a young man of the middle class, married and a baby on the way. He has poetry and ideas in him—dangerous possessions for a private soldier in France between the years 1914 and 1918. It is hinted that his commission is delayed because of that poetry and those ideas. I fancy the reason was (and possibly the author intended it to be so) that, though Mr. Donat is a d—d good actor the character he played was a d—d bad private soldier. As for the stated prejudice among the authorities against giving commissions to men who had not been to a public school—fiddlesticks! Mr. Donat becomes very moody and embittered—the fed-up-itis of active service. Just when the news comes that he is to exchange the hell of a front line trench for a spell at home in an O.T.C. he is shot. And that is Mr. Hodson's play.

The decoration is, perhaps, more important. There is a seasoning of humour, though when our souls are meant to be sickened they are sickened indeed; the *estaminet* scenes, a realistic cleansing episode (there was plenty of life as well as death in the trenches) and the private soldier both in drink and in love are depicted with an unerring instinct for what is never too little and never too much. Best of all are the sketches of Lancashire humour and humanity by Mr. George Carney, of the Scots equivalent by Mr. James Gibson, and of the immortal bravery and cock-sparrow cheeriness of Cockneydom by Mr. John Mills. At some moments I scented Old Bill and *The Better 'Ole*. But while that play was a burlesque and an entertainment—and admirable as such—*Red Night* aims at something much higher. And very nearly hits it.

"Children, to Bless you!"

—Thoughts of Dr. Marie Stopes, euthanasia, or murder—painful and lingering—flitted across my mind when I attempted to turn what was left of it after the first five minutes at the Ambassadors Theatre to consideration of *Children, to Bless You!*

No need to emphasise the irony of the title. Here indeed was a horrid brood. I fear they are old friends, or old enemies. The younger generation has been knocking, rather more than less rudely, at theatrical doors for a generation or more. But never have youngsters knocked, or behaved so foully as those on whom Miss Mary Jerrold, as the sweetest and most unselfish of mothers lavished affection and generosity, which were seldom appreciated, even verbally.

One son was a cad, a spendthrift, and a criminal, for he had embezzled. One daughter, played with some discretion by Miss Marjorie Mars, was in love with a conceited youth, alleged to be a novelist, whose intentions were strictly dishonourable. Another and younger daughter, Miss Joan White, almost unforgivably realistic, was just a pest. There were other adultish brats, and all carried on a noisy hullabaloo which seemed to indicate that they were certifiable.

I do not consider lunatics funny, even when they are inoffensive, though our ancestors a century or more ago had rare old times watching them and laughing at them. I therefore watched without laughter the antics of this family.

Such entertainment, which is not inconsiderable, as can be derived from this little piece is provided by, as I have indicated, the exquisite performance by Miss Jerrold of the sweet, silly, kindly creature so many mothers are, and by Miss Irene Browne as a *dea ex machina* in the form of a rich aunt. The character hardly rings true, but Miss Browne, with odd vocal flashes of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, put any amount of comedy into it.

TO-DAY:

"Red Night" Furnishes Food for Thought — Jean Forbes-Robertson in Form at the Criterion

By PHILIP PAGE

"Rosmersholm."—Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson has appeared rather often of late in plays which have not suited her (and has sometimes, it must be admitted, been none too good in them), so I was glad to see her Rebecca West in *Rosmersholm* at the Criterion.

This fine drama stands revival better than most plays of the master whose atmosphere of depression was so aptly described by a master of another type—the late Harry Pelissier—as suggesting the plight of "a party of vegetarian Esperantists stranded on a wet Sunday afternoon in November in a 3rd class waiting-room at Vauxhall Station." I may have quoted that before. It is worth requoting, for it is the very quintessence of Ibsenism.

An Ibsen season in London was overdue, and Mr. Leon M. Lion is to be congratulated in tackling one now that the majority of London's more devoted Ibsenites, William Archer and J. T. Grein and other stalwarts, have passed on. Perhaps in due time Mr. C. B. Cochran will return to Ibsen, his earliest theatrical love; the first play he ever presented was *John Gabriel Borkman*, believe it or not.

Blazing passion, the mill-race, and tragic misery pervade *Rosmersholm*, and Miss Forbes-Robertson makes the very most of her fine opportunities. Mr. John Laurie makes her a worthy partner as Rosmer. As usual, Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith made his personality felt whenever he stepped on this stage; this remarkably good actor seems to be able to play any type of part without for a moment approaching the mediocrity of most people who make themselves generally useful in any profession.

"The Milky Way" (Film).—The wild absurdities of the Marx Brothers (who seem to amuse most people more and more but me less and less, which is doubtless my loss) have tended to cast in the shade somewhat that almost equally exuberant comedian, Mr. Harold Lloyd.

In *The Milky Way*, at the Carlton he has, in the lingo of the American film world "staged a come-back." This is a better film than his usual medium and he is better than ever in consequence. He is now a milkman who, for reasons which should be seen, becomes a boxer. The humour of such farces as this evaporates in the telling. What is important is that here is a film in which there are none of those tedious episodes which in my opinion mar the latest Chaplin film; no repetitions; and nothing likely to cause offence to anyone.

Drunkenness, for instance, is in at least nine cases out of ten an abomination on stage or film, not because drunkenness is utterly abominable—it is not—but because a drunken man is almost invariably as big a bore in the entertainment world as he is in real life. In *The Milky Way* something much stronger than milk is in one episode supposed to be consumed, and wonderful to relate, it is a funny episode.

Mr. Lloyd is in a strong company, which includes no less a favourite than Mr. Adolphe Menjou. Feminine interest is rather in the background, but what is there, is good.

"La Meri."—The welcome deluge of ballet which has been London's fate the last few years has reduced the solo dance recitalists to something like the position of also-rans. I remember the days when the solo appearances of Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan were big events and those, more recently, of Argentina and Alanova rather smaller events.

La Meri, almost unheralded save for a sherry-party, came last week to the Savoy Theatre, having, I believe, previously shown her quality by a few performances at the Arts Theatre.

Technically she is a lovely dancer. She has a most expressive face, beautiful limbs, and a sense of character. Perhaps she is or was when I saw her—a little lacking in fire for Mexico and adjacent parts of the world which she represented terpsichoreally. But that sort of fire can be overdone and only too often hides grave technical mistakes. Besides, the Cubans on the other side of the Strand at the Adelphi can supply practically all we need of that type of fare.

"From Phelps to Gielgud."—The only point on which I disagree with Sir George Arthur's delightful reminiscences of the theatre, *From Phelps to Gielgud* (Chapman and Hall. 15s.), is a very small one. It is the author's modest description of himself as "a simple soldier."

Sir George had a distinguished military career, but the last adjective I would apply to the man who was secretary to Lord Kitchener as well as his biographer, to the writer of the lives of King George V, Queen Alexandra, and Sarah Bernhardt, to one who for half a century and more has lived with polished sophistication in a sophisticated world, is "simple."

IN THE "JOURNEY'S END" TRADITION: Private John Hardcastle (Robert Donat) and Private Syd Summers (John Mills) in an episode from James Lansdale Hodson's war play, *Red Night*, which was quite well received when it had its *première* at the Queen's Theatre last week. This is Mr. Donat's first venture as an actor-manager

He is, however, as enthusiastic in his love for the theatre as is a child over its first pantomime. It is pleasant to find so experienced a hand not adapting a *laudator temporis acti* attitude; while he pays due tribute to Ristori, Phelps, Bernhardt, Irving, Pinero, Wyndham, Mrs. John Wood, the Bancrofts, and many others of the glorious past (with plenty of good stories about all of them), he knows and admires the work of John Gielgud (who has contributed a Foreword), Gladys Cooper, whom he almost ecstatically, yet quite justly, admires, Maurice Evans, Lily Elsie, Jean Forbes-Robertson, Frederick Lonsdale, Ivor Novello, Noel Coward, and Diana Wynyard. He heard Jenny Lind sing in a drawing-room and Grace Moore sing in *La Bohème*—and that is a fair indication of the stretch of his musical recollections.

There is an original chapter, which, perhaps, should be expected from a soldier, on Discipline in the theatre, with accompanying regret at the almost total disappearance of the actor manager, and a comparison with the discipline, or lack of it, on the Paris stage. His remarks on Realism are of great value. Indeed this is not a mere collection of chatty stories about the stage and stage-folk, packed though it is with human interest and good anecdotes; it is a most useful addition to English theatrical literature. Sir George could beat many a professional dramatic critic at his own game, though I would not say that by any manner of means that is the highest praise his book could command. It deserves the success that will undoubtedly come its way.

FRANCES DAY AT HER BEST: Two impressions of this brilliant stage and film comedienne who was to be seen at the Plaza Cinema last week in the musical farce, *Public Nuisance No. 1* in partnership with popular Arthur Riscoe and a strong supporting cast including Muriel Aked, Claude Dampier, Peter Haddon, Anthony Holles, and Robert Nainby

PARIS ACHIEVES INFINITE VARIETY BY

● One of the highlights of the Paris collections is the insistence on suits—in the morning, the afternoon, and the evening. Lucile Paray's formal black lace suit is seen on the left of this page. The plain dress has a plain chiffon yoke, scalloped at the front, and the high-necked jacket is fluted below the waist across the front only.

● Afternoon dresses are mostly made in plain fabrics. They are miracles of delicate workmanship—shirred, gauged, draped, hemstitched. The boat-shaped neckline is back again, as you can see on the second figure. She wears Jodelle's beautiful azure crêpe dress, with its draped neck and the skirt fullness centred at the front and shaped by rayed pipings which loop over the swathed belt.

● Tunics cannot be ignored. Lanvin does them, and Maggy Rouff. Mainbocher too. And Marcel Rochas makes our third ensemble in black and white—the tunic shaped by gores and flaring grandly: the skirt as slender as can be. Note the importance of belts. This one is fastened with two hearts.

● Long coats fall into two distinct categories. Those that swing loosely from the shoulders—full length, unbelted, with wide sleeves and inconspicuous collars; and the redingote, with high revers and tailored collars. Our fourth lady wears Jodelle's checked coat in navy, white and orange. It has blue revers and cuffs, and is worn with a high-necked navy dress that has an orange belt.

A NEW SUBTLETY OF EXPRESSION

FASHION this year favours, not the journalist who loves to tell of eccentricities and to trace the inspiration of designs to some historic or geographic source, but the woman who wants her clothes to be gracious, flattering, and a colourful background for her own personality.

There are, obviously, certain strongly marked tendencies—but there is no silhouette which all must accept; no vagaries which all must follow.

Perfect tailoring counts perhaps for more than anything else, since suits are worn for every sort of occasion. Shoulders are usually slightly widened to give a straight line. Many sleeves are set in with fullness across the top, and some are built up and flattened against the upper part of the arm. The majority of waistlines are high—many curve down at the back—but Molyneux remains faithful to his low waistlines, stressed by very narrow thick leather belts.

Necklines are draped, often with cowl folds which are arranged in several different ways and held in place with clips, or simple day dresses have neat turned-down collars. Yokes are seen on seven models out of every ten.

Pleats claim attention. Coats and dresses are pin-pleated so tightly that they look like crinkled silk. Patou does sunray godets. Molyneux does pleated evening frocks with plain coats and vice versa. His Grecian tunic is seen on the right. In deep blue, it has narrow shoulder straps, and the wide scarf is lined with dull purple.

Maggy Rouff's evening tailleur is very different in character. These suits, cut with masculine precision, are one of the outstanding successes of the Spring. This particular model is in black, with a powdery-pink scarf and revers. The skirt is slit at each side and at the centre front, and such suits are usually worn with very small, shallow hats.

Quite a few evening skirts are curved at the front: some dinner dresses are only ankle length and everybody does short sleeves. Excessively low backs are few and far between, and deep oblongs are the latest craze.

Among colours, grey leads—with black and navy blue for day, often lightened with touches of cyclamen, mauve, pale blue, or honey yellow. At night—black, white, purple, champagne, and some glowing chinese reds.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Ernst Glaeser, an Anti-Nazi Who Writes With Tolerance

THE country scene which Miss Winifred Holtby chose for her last novel, **SOUTH RIDING** (Collins. 8s.), is a very real one, though the title seems to suggest the fabulous. For anyone who knows their Yorkshire it is not very difficult to identify the city of Kingsport, or the villages and fields near the great estuary of the River Leame.

The scene was one which the author knew well; she was a Yorkshire woman, and knew how to convey the essential qualities of the Yorkshire character, in its sturdiness, independence, pride, and broad humour.

The main theme, to which all the lesser themes are related, is the local council of the county. "What fascinated me," wrote Miss Holtby herself about this book, "was the discovery that apparently academic and impersonal resolutions passed in a county council were daily revolutionising the lives of those men and women whom they affected. The complex tangle of motives prompting public decisions . . . appeared to me as part of the unseen pattern of the English landscape."

In tracing that pattern the author divided her book into eight parts, giving each as a heading one of the departments into which the council business is divided: Education, Public Health, Mental Deficiency, Finance, and so on. Her object was to show the human processes, sometimes pathetic, sometimes benevolent, sometimes dishonest, which lie behind the barest extracts from the council agenda.

The result is a memorable book—a panorama of unexpected beauty, and a study, as it were in cross-section, of the lives of almost 170 people. Of the figures that one will remember the most vivid is that of Miss Sarah Burton, appointed by the council as new headmistress to Kiplington High School. Hers was a case in which the council's decision changed the course of a whole life. At Kiplington she met Robert Carne, "a sporting farmer," and fell in love with him, As for Carne, the final blow in his tragic career is that the council fail to re-elect him, and it is to Alderman Mrs. Beddows that he entrusts the care of his little daughter, a pupil at Sarah Burton's school.

Every story is of a life affected or altered by the council's work. The tragedy of the drab, hysterical science mistress, "ragged" by her pupils into a state of illness, the struggle of the Holly family, living in a district known as the Shacks which was the disgrace of the housing committee, the eccentric Alderman Snaith, the bouncing *bonhomie* of Mrs. Hubbard's "Jazz Octette," the poignancy of Lily Sawdon's life and death: all these are seen through the most sympathetic and discerning eyes.

Miss Holtby's design is a triumph, and its quality unforgettable.

THE LATE WINIFRED HOLTBY: Her last novel, *South Riding*, which has just been published by W. Collins Sons, and Co., and is reviewed on this page, is the Book Society's choice for March. It is a brilliant satire on local government in the author's most characteristic style

Like nearly all the best contemporary German novelists, Herr Ernst Glaeser is a refugee from his country. Unlike most of his colleagues however, he has written a novel of Nazi development which is free from the bitter ill-feeling we have come to expect and understand in the books of many of his fellow-writers.

THE LAST CIVILIAN (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) is remarkable for this appearance of tolerance, particularly since its whole object is anti-Nazi. It is all the more effective because, perhaps unjustly, one has grown tired of the long denunciatory choruses, and one has come to feel the need of cool, dispassionate judgment. While this is not precisely what we are given, and it would in fact be a little too much to expect from a man who is no longer allowed to live in the country to which he is devoted, still there is calmness and restraint here, and an almost physical effort towards impartiality.

The story begins slowly since, with the thoroughness for which Germans alone seem to have the patience, Herr Glaeser re-creates the life of each character as he introduces him, and this necessitates constant backward glances of as much as twenty and thirty years at a time. In short, it is the story of Johann Bauerle who has made a fortune in America, and returns with it to the little Rhineland town of Siebenwasser to settle down in the place of which he has dreamed for all his years of absence. The book closes with his return, disillusioned, to America, and the establishment of Nazi power is given as the reason.

Most of us have read enough anti-Nazi literature in the last year or two to be thoroughly familiar with the point of view of the German expatriate. Herr Glaeser has this further and more subtle difference. He shows the growth of the Nazi organisation from the inside, and invites our sympathy for the aims of the people who first gave it their disinterested and patriotic support. At the time of Bauerle's return though, Nazism has become a creed of intolerance, and against the background of the peaceful little town of Siebenwasser the tyranny is obvious and unbearable.

You should read this book; it will be an experience and, blessing of blessings, something new.

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

The Duchess of Burgundy, Who Became the Idol of Versailles

"The Duchess of Burgundy grew in grace and merit . . . These advantages were embellished by her wit, and even more so by her passionate desire to gain the goodwill of everybody." That is probably as apt a description as we shall ever have of the wife of Louis XIV's grandson, and from no less an authority than Voltaire.

THE KING'S DARLING (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) is another translation, this time from the French, of Colonel Henri Carré, and is an entertaining biography of the little daughter of the Duke of Savoy, who at the age of eleven married the strict and pious Duke of Burgundy, and in a very short space became the most idolised member of the Court of Versailles.

The little Duchess was gay, not to say lively, and she upset the stiff traditions of Court etiquette as light-heartedly as she did everything. With the old king she took liberties which amazed everybody; she sat on his lap, pulled his nose, took off his wig and scratched his bald head, and he appeared to be delighted. In her personal habits she was surprisingly nonchalant, even for that age of exhibitionists, and still the king laughed, and with him the Court.

Unlike her grandmother, the Duchess of Orleans, who was the sister of our Charles I, she took little part in great affairs. Politics were of no interest to her, and her story belongs to the catagory of *petite histoire*. Her biographer gives an excellent picture of the age for all that, and the life of this gay young girl, and its contrasts with the cold, brilliant magnificence which had characterised Court life before her advent and her own exuberant, careless *ioie-de-vivre*, make a strangely affecting study.

It is difficult to know, as the author admits, the extent of her indiscretions during the early years of her marriage. What seems to be certain is the Duke's genuine devotion to his young wife, and an affection which lasted all his life and only ended when he died less than a week after her. It is probable that after the suicide of one of her admirers she was so deeply shocked that she abandoned all her ideas of gallantry. For the rest, the king was her adoring friend, her husband showed a remarkable lack of jealousy towards her lovers, and she was on amicable terms with nearly all the other ladies of the Court. "Her manners laid all hearts at her feet"—that might well have been her epitaph.

DR. MORATH (George Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.) has sold, we are told, 29,000 copies in the original German, and in that statement seems to lie the immense difference of taste between the English and the German reading publics.

For myself I cannot see any valid reason for the popularity of this novel. Herr Max Rene Hesse certainly has an original theme, that of a young doctor in the hospital of a prosperous South American town, but he writes clumsily, loses the thread of his story, which was never of a compelling interest, and describes exhaustively the activities of a vast number of unremarkable people.

The secret must be that people, at any rate in German-speaking countries, enjoy the morbidly detailed accounts of surgical operations. These occur in roughly every third chapter, and although I have neither the desire nor the medical knowledge to question their authenticity, I feel perfectly justified in objecting to their presentation. A doctor's case book could be interesting, even fascinating reading, but similar records, with the same details, would be nothing short of revolting if they were given to you from the point of view of a sentimentalist.

The memoirs of doctors and surgeons can be of such intense importance, and can have such moving and human interest that one is all the more indignant at finding the reverse of the medal. It happens that I am not unduly squeamish, and that I am unappalled by medical reports. What does shock me is the irrelevance of all this to a novel, and my own conviction that it is precisely this which has sold nearly 30,000 copies.

Unluckily I chose the coldest day of the whole month to read Mr. Peter Freuchen's **IVALU** (Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.), and although I was sitting by a fire trying to to thaw my fingers and toes, I grew steadily colder and colder as I read the story of the Eskimo wife who married the white man.

Mr. Freuchen is the famous Danish explorer who wrote *Eskimo*, and who also directed and acted in the film version of it which I remember was a great success. Greenland is the country of his adoption, for he lived there for more than ten years and married the Eskimo girl who is the model for the heroine of his new book.

It is a naive and enchanting story, told rather in the manner of a fairy story, with its calm narrative, and simple acceptance of the most startling facts. Little Ivalu as a child had known Peary, and had spent a great deal of time on his ship. His companionship, and the awe she felt for him made her determined to marry a white man when she grew up, and this she finally achieved, though only after a short married life with an Eskimo.

The life in that frozen country is almost too realistically described for winter reading, and although I can genuinely recommend it as an original and artlessly charming book, I would advise readers to keep it for a warmer day than I chose!

BOOKS RECEIVED

HAMISH HAMILTON.—CAMBRIDGE MEMORIES (THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LONG AGO.) By Thomas Thornely. Foreword by J. B. Priestley. 5s. SECKER.—THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER. Edited, with an introduction, by Sir John Squire. 5s. HEINEMANN.—ARNOLD BENNETT'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEW. With a Preface by Frank Swinnerton. 10s. 6d. IN DEFENCE OF SHELLEY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Herbert Read. 10s. 6d. SEE HOW THEY RUN. By Jerrard Tickell. 7s. 6d. THE STRING GLOVE MYSTERY. By Herriette Campbell. 7s. 6d. MAIDENS BEWARE. By Mary Mitchell. 7s. 6d. WILLIAM HODGE & CO., LTD.—TRIAL OF ALMA VICTORIA RATTENBURY AND GEORGE PERCY STONER. Edited by F. Tennyson Jesse. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.—THE BEASLEY CONTRACT BRIDGE SYSTEM. By Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Beasley. 2s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—THE PURSUER. By Louis Golding. 7s. 6d. JAMAICA INN. By Daphne Du Maurier. 7s. 6d. FREEDOM, FAREWELL! By Phyllis Bentley. 8s. 6d. MEN IN MAY. By Leslie Paul. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON.—JACKETS GREEN. By Patrick Mulloy. 7s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—AGENTS AND PATIENTS. By Anthony Powell. 7s. 6d. KING JAMES I. By Hugh Ross Williamson (Great Lives). 2s. FARMERS WEEKLY, LTD.—FARMHOUSE FARE: A Cookery Book of Country Dishes. 1s. CHAPMAN & HALL.—WISE GENERATIONS. By Barbara Goolden. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—HESTER AND HER FAMILY. By H. W. Freeman. 8s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—THE ROCKY ROAD TO JERICHO. By Frank Chester Field. 7s. 6d. AN OUTSIDER: A Tale of the Grand National. By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough and Rupert St. Cloud. 2s. 6d. THE CRIMSON CLAW. By William Hewlett. 3s. 6d. WOODCOCK AND SNIPE. By J. W. Seigne and E. C. Keith. 5s. JARROLDS.—WHAT IF THEY DO MIND? By Percy Colson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—QUESTIONS OF OUR DAY. By Havelock Ellis. 8s. 6d. THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD: The Future of the League of Nations. By Douglas Jerrold. 6s. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—OIL PAINT AND GREASE PAINT. Autobiography of Laura Knight. Illustrated. 21s. SWEDEN ON TEN POUNDS. By Sydney A. Clark. 5s. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—WATERS OF LIFE AND DEATH. By A. Voronsky. 7s. 6d. THE MONKS OF ATHOS. By R. M. Dawkins. Illustrated. 15s. ARROWSMITH.—THE ROAD I TRAVELLED. By A. J. Boger. Illustrated. 18s.

Listen to the song of the syphon . . .

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

OVER THE ARUN: The new bridge which is being built at Pulborough, Sussex, on the main road to the South Coast. It will replace the old bridge which is still in use notwithstanding the fact that it can accommodate only one line of traffic

UNTIL four years ago the pleasure of owning a Daimler car could only be experienced by really wealthy people. Daimler ownership was something very special and conjured up in the mind a car of extreme silence, smoothness, and of easy control. For four years now the Daimler Company Limited have built and produced a 15-h.p. model which allows motorists of moderate means to share with their more wealthy fellow creatures the joys of Daimler motoring. Although this model is the smallest in the Daimler range and also sells at the lowest price, it is still a real Daimler. It is only owing to its smaller dimensions that the price has been kept under the £500 mark.

During the four years of its introduction no radical alterations to the design have been found necessary, though it must be understood that, whenever the makers have found it advisable to incorporate improvements, these have been incorporated in the design from time to time. The engine which has six cylinders is operated on orthodox lines possessing overhead valves, operated by rockers and pushrods. The capacity of the engine is slightly over three litres, yet it is amply powerful to give this car an outstanding performance. It is well up to the Daimler standard of silence and smoothness, these desirable attributes being made possible by a crankshaft of large diameter carried in four bearings and fitted with an efficient vibration damper. The power is transmitted through a so-called fluid flywheel to a pre-selector four-speed epicyclic gear-box. The final transmission is then through an open propeller shaft to an underslung worm-driven back axle. Everyone will agree that even these two items in the specification are found only on a car of real distinction.

If there ever was a car which one could justly describe as silky to drive it is this Daimler. Its special transmission renders it particularly easy to control. For instance, when it is desired to pull up, say, in traffic, it does not matter what gear is in engagement, the application of the brake will bring the car to a standstill and the engine will tick over without the driver giving any attention whatever to the clutch pedal. Then by pressing down the accelerator pedal the car will move smoothly forward, even if top gear is being utilised. Nothing could be more foolproof and the driver is comforted by the fact that it is almost impossible to stall the engine. The preselector gear-box is another joy, particularly to the inexpert, but it must not be forgotten that the skilful driver is still able to exercise his proficiency by obtaining almost miraculous acceleration by the correct timing and selection of his gear-changing. Racing drivers at Brooklands and elsewhere have demonstrated time after time that this pre-selector gear-box is a piece of mechanism which can enhance the performance of any engine when correctly operated.

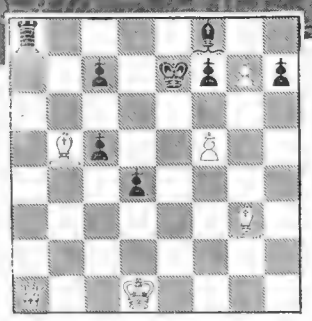
The power unit was immensely flexible, and there were very few occasions on which a change down from top was essential. As I have said before the acceleration was well above the average, and on more than one occasion I succeeded in pushing the speedometer needle past the seventy m.p.h. mark. The steering was good. The brakes gave me confidence and allowed me to use the speed of the car without worrying whether I should get into difficulties if the unexpected happened. The suspension, although I drove the car light all the time, was satisfying.

The coachwork was comfortable, sensible, and so constructed that it gave me the impression that it would be long lasting. The appearance of the car was distinctly pleasing and of good proportions. I would like to pay a special tribute to the makers for providing a really sensible facia board, on which the instruments are mounted in such a manner that they are easily read by night as well as by day.

I have seen him. Not Hitler, Mussolini, nor Stalin, but someone whom I never thought I should lay eyes on. He is one of those individuals, unfortunately a motorist, who had knocked down a human being and did not stop to render aid or take the unfortunate individual to a medical officer. We have all heard on the wireless requests for motorists to report to the police because they have not acted according to the first dictate of humanity in rendering assistance after causing injuries. The individual I saw was in a lounge of a well-known London club, and after he had gone out his friend to whom he was talking, and whom I knew slightly, came over and asked me if I had taken any particular notice of the individual. I said I had seen him, and I was then told that, on his own confession, he had knocked over a woman on coming up to the club, had just stopped an instant, left his visiting card and continued his journey. He had been making enquiries as to what the probable amount of the fine would be and if there was any chance of his being sent to prison. To me it seems strange that such a callous person could look like a normal human being. I am afraid that as long as the ranks of motorists include people like this we shall always have restrictive legislation which affects us all. If only the magistrates would deal really severely with cases of this description the number of black sheep in our ranks might be reduced and so make things more pleasant for all road users.

During the past few months the R.A.C. has received a number of letters from car owners and motor cyclists complaining of the method of operation of traffic lights in various parts of the country. The complaints are almost invariably directed against the period during which the amber light is shown, when it is acting as a warning that red is about to appear. In many cases this is so short that only by dangerous braking can a driver or rider comply with the official regulation governing the amber light. This regulation lays it down that amber after green means "Stop" at the stop line unless, when the amber light first appears, the vehicle is so close to the line that it cannot with safety be stopped. The R.A.C. is strongly of the opinion that there should be a uniform minimum period during which the amber after green must be shown, and the Club has accordingly addressed a letter to the Minister of Transport suggesting that the local authorities having charge of traffic light installations should be so informed.

The Queen Dominates



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THE HORSE TO WIN THE GRAND NATIONAL

by Jack Anthony

Mr. J. R. Anthony, three times winner of the Grand National and the greatest living Aintree exponent, makes, in this exclusive article, some remarkably shrewd comments and criticisms which no racing man or woman can afford to miss.

The STORY of REYNOLDSTOWN
by Frank Furlong

Reynoldstown is expected to win the National again this year. Here Mr. Frank Furlong, who rode Reynoldstown to victory last year, tells the full story of his father's wonderful horse which has not only made history but will probably make it again.

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GOING AWAY for EASTER

Some Hints for the Spring Holiday

ANTICIPATING a holiday is always pleasant, and for many of us it is especially so at this time of year, when we are still suffering under the lash of winter's tail-end, and yet Easter is at last within measurable distance. Another month and it will be here; another five weeks, incredible as it may sound, and summer-time will again come into operation.

Looked forward to in the distance, an Easter holiday is seen as the wish fulfilment of all one's winter dreams; an interlude of blissful leisure just at the moment when the sun is learning to be warm again and the flowers are remembering to come out. As it gets nearer, though, certain precise and practical questions begin to obtrude, and go on demanding more and more attention until a destination has definitely been decided on and the tickets taken.

Is it necessary to go abroad or can one be reasonably sure of getting some fine, warm weather in England round about the middle of April? For how short a holiday is it really worth the trouble of crossing the Channel? And how far need one go? And which are the countries where the exchange is most advantageous at the present time? And how much influence does exchange really have on the cost of living? These are the questions which are in many people's minds—at least, they are the sort of question which the Sphere Travel Bureau is constantly being asked.

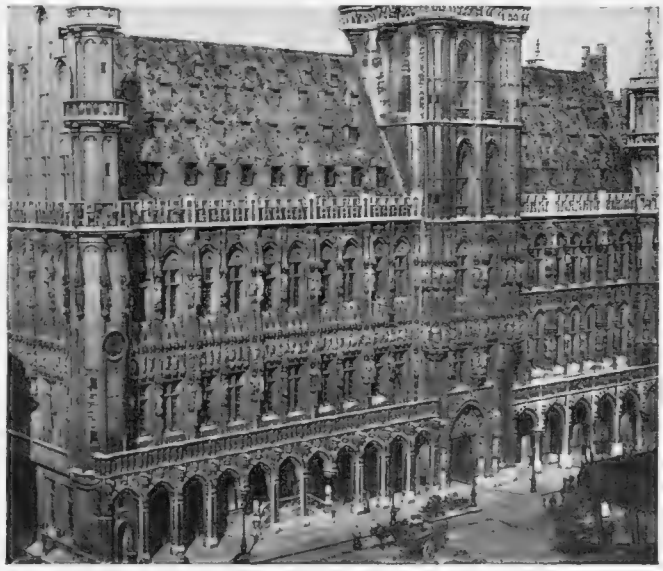
PARIS FOR THE WEEK-END: The Champs Elysées, stateliest of thoroughfares in the French capital, which can be so quickly and easily reached in these days of air travel, thus making it, more than ever, an ideal place for a short holiday abroad. Paris is always at its best in the spring

The matter of warmth, I think, comes first in importance, and short of embarking on dangerous weather prophecies, it is the most difficult to answer. I know valleys in the South of England where the wild daffodils are already coming into bloom, and sheltered hedgerows where any day now one may see the early violet, and feel the sun warm on one's hand stretched out to touch it. All the same, I recognise that if I go back to them in a month's time, I may quite possibly find myself wading about in seas of mud, and facing up to a wind that makes me wonder how I could ever have been so foolish as to suppose that these were sheltered spots. And this is not just a peculiarity of England. Quite frankly, the fact has got to be faced that almost anywhere this side of the Sahara, planning an Easter holiday is a bit of a gamble with the weather.

I remember one Easter not very many years ago at Rapallo when weather sanctions were imposed with such effect that it scarcely stopped raining for ten days on end. Another year, though, I can remember a succession of Easter days as brilliant as high summer at Dinan, that most fascinating of all Breton towns, where they assured me it was still much too early in the season for any visitors to be about. As regards this year, however, one thing at any rate can be said: Easter falls too late to clash with the equinoctial gales, which have always blown themselves out by the beginning of April.

A majority of fine days can be expected anywhere on the Mediterranean coast, and the sun is really hot. But the evenings are still likely to be treacherous and chilly, and because of these sharp temperature variations it is very important to have a certain amount of warm clothing, or one may find oneself in bed with a temperature. April, incidentally, is a good month for seeing Provence, which later in the summer gets hot and dusty. Arles and Avignon are both fascinating towns to visit in the spring.

To my mind, however, one of the best ways of spending an Easter holiday, especially if it is a short one, is to go to one of the nearer capitals, such as Paris or Brussels. Amsterdam, too, is a very good place for a long week-end, especially if one happens to be interested in pictures and food. Holland can claim some of the best restaurants I have anywhere struck in the course of my gastronomic wanderings (what is perhaps the best one of all is actually situated at The Hague), but there is no denying that eating outside one's hotel is an expensive business there. Indeed, it is altogether a rather expensive country now that the exchange is against us, although the hotels quote reasonable rates.



THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS: Another capital that is within easy reach of the week-ender who can afford air travel

Brussels is a delightful city; emphatically *not* a "miniature Paris," in my opinion, for its character is quite individual. It is not particularly expensive, moreover, not so expensive, for instance, as either Amsterdam or Paris. Of Paris I always find it difficult to speak in measured terms; its fascination is unique, there is absolutely no place like it anywhere else in the world—and in spring you see it at its best; there is a feeling of excitement in the air, a kind of vibrancy that is extraordinarily stimulating.

Air services are bringing more and more foreign capitals within easy reach of people who have more money than time at their disposal. Madrid and Lisbon have recently been added to the list, and there is a new connection, via Copenhagen, with Sweden. Fares are admittedly dear, but for anybody to whom that is not a paramount consideration, the idea of a very short holiday very far away is one worth playing with.

As far as one can generalise about the exchange position, it is fair to say these countries which are on gold, such as France, Switzerland and Holland, have made every possible effort to bring down their hotel prices and rail fares so that English people will not suffer, but that we must allow a certain amount more for incidental expenditure. In countries such as Spain, Portugal and Austria on the other hand, we are at a definite advantage.

Richard Nowell

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquiries

K., Lincs. (Cruise).—An extremely interesting cruise which will take you up the Dalmatian coast is that of the *Orontes* of the Orient Line, which is making a twenty-one days' cruise from Southampton on May 16. The itinerary includes calls at Philippeville (twelve hours), Dubrovnik (nine hours), Hvar (four hours), Korcula (ten hours), Kotor (nine hours), Athens (sixteen hours), Safi (for Marrakech) (thirteen hours). One of the most attractive excursions to be made from Kotor is that to the old Montenegrin towns of Cetinje and Podgorica. The *Orontes* carries 1st class passengers only on the cruise, the fare for which ranges from 36 guineas.

D., Sussex (France).—Two small seaside resorts near Toulon are Tamaris and Les Sablettes, both of which are connected with Toulon by electric tramway and steamer services. Les Sablettes is well situated on the narrow isthmus which separates the peninsula of Cap Cepet from the mainland, and thus offers plenty of scope for interesting walks of exploration in both neighbourhoods. The leading hotel there is the Grand, while more reasonable accommodation can be had at the Villa Fleurs. A small hotel in Toulon is the Prieure which is situated in the seaside suburb of Mourillon.

W. R., Germany (London).—Messrs. Thos. Cook do not run motor coach tours of London on Fridays, but you could book for such a tour through Messrs. Dean and Dawson of 81, Piccadilly, London, W.1. The morning motor coach tour which occupies three hours and costs 6s. 6d. would enable you to see the Tower of London, the changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace or St. James's Palace, the Houses of Parliament, the Bank of England, and other "sights," while the afternoon tour, which also costs 6s. 6d. but occupies only two and a half hours would take you through the West End of London, including visits to Westminster Abbey and the Tate Gallery.

R., Worc. (Algeria).—Hammam-R-'Irha is an Algerian spa situated on the slopes of the Atlas Mountains at an altitude of 1,600 ft., about 70 miles from Algiers. The winter climate is very equable and there are no sudden changes in temperature. The Grand Hotel there to which the Thermal Establishment is attached, is built on the southern slopes of the mountains with views of the summit of the Zacchar, while a pine forest lies to the north-west. Orange and lemon trees flower early in the year, while rose, myrtle, and violets blossom in the fields round the hotel throughout the spring. Good riding and some shooting can be had in the neighbourhood, The thermal establishment of Hamman Salahine is four miles outside Biskra, the desert resort, 400 miles from Algiers. There is a good service of motor coach tours from Biskra by which one can visit El Oued, Touggourt, Ouargla, and the Aures Hills. Two good hotels there are the Transatlantique and the Royal. The return 1st class fare from London to Algiers via Dover, Paris, and Marseilles, and thence by steamer of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique is £30 17s. 3d., the supplement for crossing the Mediterranean by the *Ville d'Alger* or the *De Grasse* being 15s. 5d. return. Passengers travelling by the *Ville d'Alger* leave London at 11 a.m. on Mondays or Fridays, boarding the steamer on Tuesdays or Saturdays, and arriving at Algiers at 7 a.m. on Wednesdays or Sundays.

M., Ireland (Germany).—The return 2nd class seventeen-day excursion fare from London to Aachen (German frontier), via Dover–Ostend, is £4 0s. 7d., including 1st class travel on the steamer. The ticket is available for outward travel on Mondays and Saturdays, Sundays from April 12, and also for the night service, via Ostend, on Thursday, April 9. The return 2nd class fare, including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German Railways, providing one stays seven days in the country, from Aachen to Freiburg-im-Breisgau, is £2 12s. 6d. The cost of a circular tour through Bavaria, with 2nd class rail travel from Aachen, would be £4 19s., the route taking you through Mainz, Heidelberg, the Neckar Valley, Heilbronn, Stuttgart, Ulm, Augsburg, Fuessen, Munich, Berchtesgaden, Koenigssee, Bad Reichenhall, Nuremberg, Würzburg, Frankfurt, and Wiesbaden. You would find 10s. per day sufficient for expenses, providing you stay at small hotels or gasthaus and purchase registered marks before leaving England.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

THE SPA HOTEL

enjoys the best position in **BATH.** It stands in its own beautiful grounds of nine acres. Hot and Cold Running Water. Luxurious Private Suites. Rooms, Doubles and Singles with Private Baths. En Pension Terms from **6 gns.** per week.

Telephone: Bath 4224|5|6 (3 lines). Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

For Tariff apply to Manager.

GOLF COURSE WITHIN FOUR MINUTES OF THE HOTEL

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

FINEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT.

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of 3 acres. First-class Cooking, Wines, and Service. Bedrooms with running water, electric fires or hot water radiators. Garage for 30 cars. Tel. 40.

MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

An Expanse of Polished Glass

looking upon the Ocean—such is the outside aspect of this citadel of fine living. Within—vistas of deep carpets and luxurious chairs. You may treat it as a mere dormy house—for there are three excellent golf courses within easy reach; on the other hand you may treat it as an academy where the pleasures of dining, sleeping and conversation are considered as a fine art and where the wine list will inspire the most exacting bon viveur.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

Illustrated brochure with inclusive terms upon application.

AT THE LOVELIEST HOTEL IN SUSSEX

Tranquillity, supreme comfort, tennis, golf, riding, and a cuisine for the epicure. Licensed, of course. Only 10 minutes by car or bus from Brighton Station.

Hotel car will meet any train at regular taxi fare.

A.A.—R.A.C.

Illustrated brochure on request from the Manager.

TUDOR CLOSE HOTEL

ROTTINGDEAN - BRIGHTON

'Phone: Rottingdean 9291.

What Pewter!

. . . a veritable museum. How elegantly (and adequately!) our ancestors took their liquor in this fine old coaching-house of the West of England. And now the charm and reputation remain . . . with the addition of an excellent Grill Room and Restaurant, and the ever-careful maintenance of a fine cellar.

ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL

EXETER

66 Bedrooms with all modern conveniences. Tariff on request from the Management

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

CADOGAN HOTEL

SLOANE STREET **LONDON**

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service. Fully licensed.

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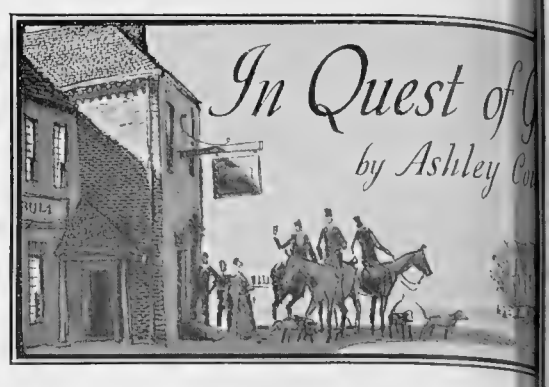
AVENUE HOTEL HARROGATE

—for the "CURE" and the EPICURE!

One of the most attractive hotels in the north. Close baths, shops, etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets, if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. From **£4 4 0** weekly. Illustrated brochure on request.



IT must not be thought, please, as has been remarked to me, that my quest of good hotels is one long joy-ride. It has its "incidents" and unpleasant ones at that!

The other week I was compelled, owing to the lateness of the hour, to stop—en route to a new "find" of which I had heard—at a roadside hotel quite unknown to me. The proprietors gave me a warm reception, as I do not think they had expectations of any visitors this side of Easter. Would that the bed had been as warm; when I left in the morning lumbago accompanied me!

It is difficult, I know, for small hotels where there is little chance of winter trade to keep prepared for the chance visitor, but I commend to all roadside houses the example of the Pulteney Hotel at Bath where, every night in one or more of the unlet rooms, there is a coal fire burning merrily and hot water bottles on duty in the beds, just in case. So if ever you are in the neighbourhood of Bath on a cold, wet night, remember that hospitality is waiting with warmth and gladness at that historic house which tunes so well with the Bath of yesterday, and to-day, the Pulteney.

One of the most interesting outcomes of my weekly articles is my daily post. I am very gratified with the many who have written expressing appreciation of my wanderings, to those who have invoked my assistance, and to others who have been to the trouble of telling me of good hotels as yet unknown to me but which I will hasten to visit!

In the first of these weekly articles I mentioned that I was still looking for a hotel which overlooks a hill, but now I have several from which to choose, covering such far-distant places as Swanage, Minehead, and Edinburgh.

But here is a conundrum which I defy anybody to solve. The proprietor of an hotel, to whom I was taking tea the other day, told me that he had had an enquiry from a gentleman who had all but booked accommodation, but who at the last moment wrote and said that he must have the assurance that there was no dew in the locality!

I would like to take this opportunity of stressing that I recommend only those hotels which I have sampled personally, and though there are many counties which I now know intimately, there are still patches of the British Isles which I have yet to explore.

One thing about which I am convinced in my wanderings is that those who still decry our British hotels as compared with those abroad, are woefully ignorant of the tremendous improvements which have taken place in recent years in the hotels, both large and small, in this country.

With Easter in the vicinity I have had a number of inquiries from readers of THE SPHERE who, though they do not take their golf too seriously, would like

A Good Address

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London, directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy at the

ALEXANDRA HOTEL

HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, S.W.1

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Garage adjacent. Telephone: SLOane 4521 (10 lines)

Have you ever . . . .

Tried Surf-riding?
Tasted real Cornish cream?
Sun-bathed in secluded coves?
Fallen out of bed on to the Golf Links?
Stayed at an Hotel where every Bedroom had a sea view?
Eaten ravenously . . danced deliriously . . slept seraphically?
If not, write to A. B. Polglaze for further details of the

HEADLAND HOTEL

NEWQUAY

—the natural headquarters for touring Cornwall. 120 Bedrooms (and private suites) all with a sea view. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band. Golf Course and Hard Tennis Courts at the door. Phone: NEWQUAY 511 (3 lines)

THE SPHERE REGISTER

Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—The Spa Hotel. 'Phone 4224-5.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford (nr. Minehead, W. Som.).—Crown Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 173
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 55
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.

to know of hotels where they can enjoy a round without the extra expense of holiday green fees. I have not as yet attempted to collate a complete list of such hotels, but it is surprising what a number there are where golf is "part and parcel of the inclusive terms."

There are a number of such hotels around London, as for example, Oatlands Park Hotel at Weybridge, and Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead. There are several which I came across on my tour in Devon and Cornwall, as for example at my "gem of an hotel" at Budock Vean; Lee Abbey Hotel near Lynton (a marvellous place this).

But for those who take their golf more seriously, and pay the usual green fees, there are any amount of hotels where you can (to borrow from the Headland Hotel, Newquay advertisement) "fall out of bed on to the golf links."

In Cornwall, the Treglos Hotel for the Trevose Links, a course which rivals St. Enodoc as the best in Cornwall; the Dormy House, Rock, for the St. Enodoc itself; the Carlyon Bay Hotel near St. Austell, and so on.

And to take other counties, one quickly recalls to mind the 18-hole course in the grounds of the Manor House Hotel, near Moretonhampstead, on Dartmoor; Spa Hotel, Bath (four minutes from the links); Cooden Beach Hotel, near Bexhill; Kingsgate Castle Hotel, near Broadstairs; Canford Cliffs Hotel, Bournemouth, for the Parkstone links, and a small sporting golf course in the grounds of the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells. But, of course, the real scratch—or would-be scratch golfer—should be in the seventh heaven at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport, where there is a choice of seven golf courses, many of championship standard, within an easy motor run of the front door.

Easter is a great migratory period—the "town mouse" goes to the country and the "country mouse" comes to town; and when it comes to town hotels the essentials of a good hotel must be increased from three to four, for additional to good food, good service, and good beds, must be added a quiet night's rest.

The architects of London hotels have always been faced with this necessity for quietude, and it is surprising, even in busy thoroughfares by day such as Hyde Park Corner and Sloane Street, where the Alexandra and Cadogan Hotels respectively are situated, how quietude reigns supreme by night, and little is heard of traffic by day. Both these hotels are exceptionally comfortable, each draws to itself its own particular clientele year in and year out, and though one has no connection with the other they are both in the first rank of London hotels, and both in the heart of fashionable London.

FORTFIELD HOTEL SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Lift . Billiards
Self-contained Suites
Garage

Overlooking Sea
Hot and Cold Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

R.A.C. A.A.

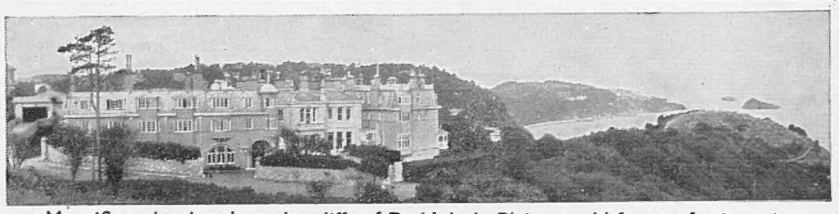
Telephone 59

Southampton for instance?

Not only is Southampton a pivotal point for the New Forest, Isle of Wight, Winchester and Salisbury Cathedrals and Portsmouth, but there is tucked away, yet in the centre of the city, one of the most comfortable hotels in the country. For over 80 years the Polygon has attracted those who appreciate that good food, comfortable beds, plenty of hot water and excellent service are the four essentials of a first-class hotel.

THE POLYGON HOTEL
SOUTHAMPTON

Those seeking spring and summer residence are invited to write to J. Dowland for further details. Tel.: Southampton 5061



Magnificently placed on the cliffs of Daddyhole Plain, world-famous for its quiet dignity and efficiency, it provides that delightful atmosphere of tone which embraces artistic surroundings and the connoisseur's need—**perfect service.**

THE TORQUAY HYDRO HOTEL

Special diets provided if required. Away from all traffic and noise and within easy distance of the Medical Swimming Baths. Hard Tennis Courts. Two excellent Golf Courses. **Fully Licensed.** *Garage.* *Telephone: 2207.*

The Spring Bulbs

hate being disturbed in their beds at Lincombe Hall, the garden Hotel of Torquay . . . just as the visitors do in theirs! Come and enjoy the Easter array.

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY

Five acres beautiful gardens. Comfortably appointed bedrooms and suites with hot and cold water, electric or gas fires. Modern garage: Hotel coach meeting all trains and at the disposal of visitors for shopping, cinemas, theatres, etc. Warm public rooms furnished with quiet distinction . . . and cooking which blends originality with the traditional use of only the best materials. Write to Mr. R. S. Paul for brochure and Easter Programme.

Pleasures at the Prince

are pleasures that make for health and happiness, the pleasures of activity, sport, relaxation and friendship. Southport's outside pleasures are legion . . . races, tournaments, festivals, flower shows, but the best show of all is at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL
SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

A choice of 7 golf courses. Dancing every Saturday night. Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for brochure and details of the very modest tariff. Telephone 4151

YOU WILL REMEMBER your visit to **ROSLIN HALL**—the comfort of cosy lounges—the delight of good food—the unobtrusive efficiency of the staff (truly)—we are a happy sea view hotel, even when it rains.

TORQUAY 4373

A thought for Easter

. . . or before . . . or after! Here, in this wonderfully central spot for exploring the Garden of Kent and the Downs of Sussex, 400 ft. up, facing the South and the sun . . . lies one of Britain's best known Hotels, standing in a private park of 60 acres with its own sporting golf course. Solid in its comfort, modern in its equipment and generous in its hospitality.

THE SPA HOTEL
TUNBRIDGE WELLS

For details of suites of rooms, bedrooms with private bathrooms, or bedrooms with hot and cold water, write to S. T. Hancock, Resident Director. 'Phone: T'Wells 1911

COME TO THE SOUTH coast this Spring and enjoy a perfect holiday at the

ADELPHI HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

facing gardens and promenade . . . a first class Hotel with a remarkably modest tariff. Charming motor runs and every kind of sport and amusement. 100 rooms. H. & C. water, central heating. Large Garage. Ballroom. Write to Resident Proprietor.

OF BRITISH HOTELS

Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Continued.

Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel. Tel. Sloane 4521.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.

SCOTLAND

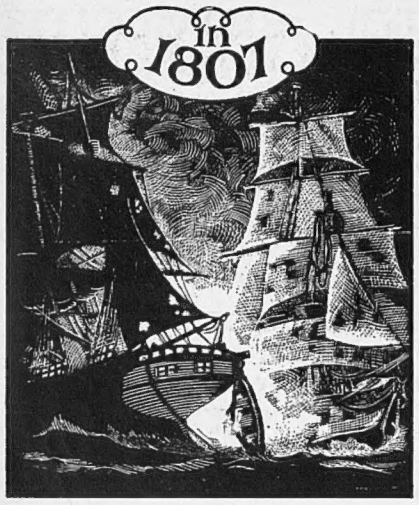
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.



LONDON WAS CELEBRATING...

over the surrender of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Also history in 1807 . . . and excellent matter for celebration was the birth of McCallum's "Perfection" Scots Whisky—celebrations in (and of) which are still going on. Not surprisingly either . . . with a whisky so cunningly blended—so honey smooth . . . so grandly tinged with the true peat—and heather Highland flavour.

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
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PRIDE OF POSSESSION
Drive an AC CAR
CALL AND INSPECT THE COMPLETE RANGE AT
A.C. (Acedes) CARS LTD.,
107, PARK LANE, W.1. Mayfair 3638.

CONTINUATIONS

THE BRAINTRUSTERS OF BELGIUM (Continued from page 444)

I must compress the principal other causations of the Belgian success:—

The State benefited at the start by the preceding Government having just deflated prices by 10 per cent.

Our own 1931 and later technique was followed in the matter, and order, of Stock Exchange control, conversions, etc.

There was no flight from the Belgian franc, occult or otherwise. On the contrary, foreign money rushed in, notably from the nervous neighbouring gold countries. Interest rates were forced down by law as low as 2 per cent., meaning cheap money on permanent tap.

Booms and "prosperity" and immoral fortune-hunting were severely discouraged, not to say nipped in the bud. The aim was a wider distribution of purchasing power over the whole country.

M. van Zeeland pursued a constant policy of "penetration and adaptation." A good example, his trading pacts with the U.S.S.R., the U.S., Denmark, and now Poland. Neighbouring countries were promised there would be no dumping, and pre-devaluation markets were thereby conserved.

Aid accrued from the general tendency to recovery in other countries, as also, from the continuous stability of the £ and the dollar.

Steady hold kept on the "Index," or the monthly fluctuation in the cost of living over the whole country. Any unjustified increase in commodity prices brought out van Zeeland's trump card. "All right. Unless the cost of meat (or textiles, or fuel, or anything else) comes down again to what it should be, I'll lighten the tariff on foreign meat."

Economies were practised wherever possible; there were actually cuts in taxation while wages were here and there increased.

Public works and agricultural betterment are being intelligently, which means not excitedly, taken in hand. No waste or squandering.

The Congo answered to the helm, bringing over £6,000,000 to the plus side. This nest-egg, together with augmented invisible exports in the shape of a rebounding tourism and maritime transport, easily wiped out an adverse trade balance of about £5,000,000.

Exceptional aids to the Exchequer derived: (*a*) from increased export of arms, (*b*) Brussels Exhibition, (*c*) Sanctions against Italy.

Et voilà . . .

"A hard road yet," says van Zeeland. "Every prudence necessary." But "a reasoned optimism."

Meanwhile, as I told M. Baudhuin, his country offers the best value-for-money *(facilité de vivre)* in Europe to-day. After her, ourselves, Denmark and Spain. Take some haphazard prices in current Brussels. A perfectly good turkish bath 1s. 6d. A caviare menu at the leading restaurant, the Belle Meunière, 5s., 2s. for meals of five courses in the better-class restaurants, 1s. for four courses in lesser places. There never can have been such abundance of cheap and nourishing food as in Belgium now.

It almost begins to look as if in Belgium, ever a cheap country, might be breaking surface first shoots of the much talked of abundance that a future day is expected to bring generally. For the low prices do not derive from sickness, as easily they can and have done.

TRAINING BOYS FOR THE NAVY (Continued from page 453)

them a very much longer life in the fleet. When the war was over the activities of the press gang were relaxed, but Sir John Fielding, the magistrate, persuaded Hanway to continue his work and to send into the fleet, properly equipped, a number of the unemployed youths who were being arrested by the hundred for vagrancy and often savagely sentenced. In 1786, the merchant ship *Beatty* was purchased and became the first British training ship to pass boys into the service with a good grounding which made them almost certain of promotion to petty officer or higher rank when the greater part of the fleet was manned by pressed men without any previous preparation at all.

The *Beatty* was the predecessor of a long line of training ships; in 1862 the first *Warspite* was lent by the Admiralty and the name has been retained.

From six in the morning, when the reveille sounds, until 8.30 in the evening, when the boys turn in after evening prayers, thoroughly tired out, their day is fully occupied, and it only wants a glance at their faces to show how happy they are with their round of strenuous work and good food. The ship, one of the cruisers built under the Naval Defence Act during the last great naval scare, is arranged as nearly on the lines of a modern man-of-war as possible, so that there is no strange break in the boys' lives, and although they are on board for only a year, during which they are apprenticed to the Marine Society, it is remarkable how they hand down their traditions.

Cleanliness and smartness are the two key words of the whole system. When the new boy arrives on board from home he finds himself under the special care of a kindly and essentially masculine chaplain who patiently explains the routine and purpose of it all, soon curing him of his homesickness and handing him over to the instructors, all old seamen, for his first four weeks' preliminary instruction. This is an infinite improvement on the old naval tradition of giving the boy 24 hours to feel his feet on his own accord, without any more help than that occasionally volunteered by a kindly messmate. After that there is a general education divided into lower school, upper school, and advanced class, all planned with the idea of making the lad an efficient seaman, and seamanship classes divided into the new entries, second class boys, and first class boys, so that by the end of the year the *Warspite* boy really has the making of a first-class sailor, built up physically by constant physical training and sport, and can choose whether he will serve in the Navy or the Merchant Service.

When there are vacancies in the Navy the great majority of boys prefer that life, and a surprising number of them have risen to responsible positions, some to commissioned rank, but the big passenger lines, which like to have their ships run "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," also value the smartness and snap of the *Warspite* youngster, and, again, quite a number of the old boys find their preliminary training invaluable in getting their Board of Trade officers' certificates.

The King as an Undergraduate

The spring number of *Oxford*, official organ of the Oxford Society, is being published to-day (March 14), and contains the following special features: "King Edward VIII at Oxford," "Lawrence of Arabia," by the Right Hon. Viscount Halifax, K.G., and "Balliol in the 'Eighties." Among the illustrations will be one of King Edward VIII as an undergraduate at Oxford, and a hitherto unpublished drawing of Lawrence of Arabia by James McBey. The March number of *Oxford* can be obtained from the leading newsagents and railway bookstalls, price 1s.: or from the Secretary, The Oxford Society, 65, St. Giles, Oxford, price 1s. 2d. (single copies), or annually at 3s. 6d. post free. *Oxford* is published terminally in March, June and November.

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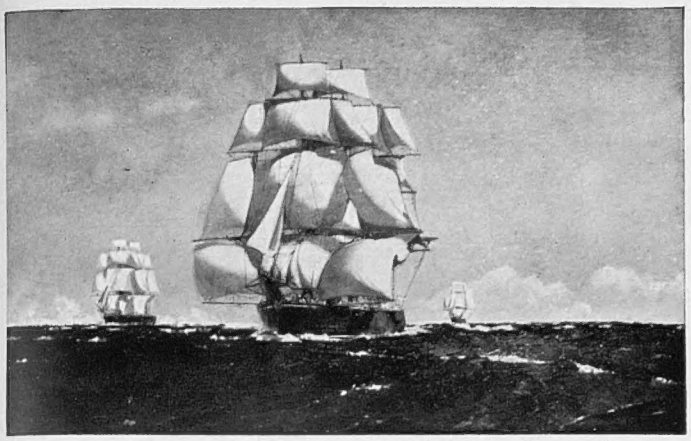
"A SQUADRON OF THE OLD SCHOOL"



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